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The Spirit of the South.

THE RECENT ELECTION—ITS PROBABLE FRUITS.

From The Richmond Enquirer.

IN the nature of things it is impossible that Mr. Buchanan should accomplish any essential and permanent adjustment of the slavery controversy. The question lies beyond the sphere of his powers. The difficulty defies the possible resources of administrative policy. He cannot control the action of Congress, much less of the local legislatures. The authority of an eminent name and of exalted position, in cooperation *with a judicious distribution of the patronage of Government,* may effect a partial and momentary pause in the progress of anti-slavery agitation and encroachment. But, beyond this point, the most eager spirit of patriotism, aided by all the resources of the highest power, cannot extend in the work of subduing the ungovernable impulse of Northern fanaticism. Not until the popular mind of the North is purged of the demon that possesses it, and is properly disposed towards the institutions of the South, can we anticipate the restoration of concord and good understanding between the antagonistic sections of the Confederacy.

Is there anything in the result of the recent election to encourage the hope that Abolitionism is losing its credit and power with the people of the North? Fremont carries *eleven* of the *sixteen* Northern States, and carries them by the most imposing majorities. He has an immense plurality, if not an actual majority, of the popular vote of the North; and that too upon the direct and distinct issue of *Abolitionism against the rights of the South*—upon an issue which was universally understood to involve the equality of the South in the Confederacy, and the inviolability of the constitutional guarantees of slavery. *The result of the recent election discloses this prodigious power in the possession of the Anti-Slavery party of the North.*

On the other hand the conservative sentiment of the North was developed in bolder and more distinct relief during the late canvass than at any other period of the anti-slavery controversy. The National Democracy laid down a platform by allegiance to which every recusant and unsound spirit was compelled to subscribe to the conservative principles of the party. Again, the resolute tone of the Southern press imparted something of its own staunch spirit to the Democratic papers of the North. We assumed so high a position that to be in correspondence with us, it was necessary that our allies in the North should at least approximate our lofty ground. Moreover, by the free and fearless discussion of slavery in the abstract idea as well as in its political relations, which was never known in the North before the recent canvass, many absurd prejudices against the institution were removed, and it was divested of much of that fictitious enormity which passion and interest and ignorance had thrown around it. Besides, their strong repugnance to Black Republicanism naturally drove the Democracy to a comparatively extreme position. So that, in consequence of all these causes, the Democracy of the North, in the recent canvass, rallied upon *higher ground* and in more compact force, *in respect to the institutions of the South,* than they had ever assumed and exhibited in any former election. The Democratic delegation in the next Congress from the North will nobly represent the more conservative sentiment and the more advanced position of their party.

To this spirit of fair inquiry, in respect to slavery, to this just disposition towards the institutions of the South, to this patriotic organization, the election of Mr. Buchanan gives sanction and support. Of his administration *the South will ask nothing that may offend the susceptibilities or violate the principles of the North—nothing that will quicken Abolitionism into new life and energy.* We simply demand justice and equality among the States, and administration of the Government in the spirit of the Constitution; and we are prepared to sustain Mr. Buchanan in the fair and patriotic policy which he is doubtless determined to adopt.

It is possible, then, that in the absence of provocation, Abolitionism may lose something of its power in the next four years, and that the sober sense of conservative people, instructed by the discussions of the press and encouraged by the policy of the Administration, may attain the ascendancy in the North. From this would result a kinder and juster spirit towards the South, and the restoration of peace and quiet in the Union.

The election of Buchanan, by averting the imminent dangers of disunion, and by presenting the prospect of a possible suspension of hostilities between the North and the South, is in itself an occasion of patriotic exultation. The abundant promise of a wise and conservative Administration supplies us with another motive of sincere satisfaction. Still, the South should rejoice with decorum and reserve, and not with the delirious ecstacy of partisan passion. Appreciating our present security, we must be careful not to abandon ourselves to an insane unconcern in regard to the developments of the future. "Eternal vigilance" is the duty and the necessity of the South.

From The New Orleans Delta.

When the admission of Kansas into the Union comes to be acted on, the South will learn the manner in which the late contest was conducted. She will find, we fear, that non-extension of slavery was the middle ground on which the majority of Mr. Buchanan's supporters at the North agreed to stand. She will find that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to bring Kansas into this Union as a slave State. She will find that the day Mr. Buchanan signs a bill to that effect, if ever passed, his party will be dead and buried at the North.

There is but one offset to this condition of things, and that is to make the South so strong in her material progress, in her domestic reforms, in her social convictions, in her political attitude, as to keep the North in check by the only arguments which remain to be used against Free Soil—fear and interest. If Mr. Buchanan rely upon old exploded expedients for success, if he devote himself to a laborious do-nothing policy, converting the foreign department especially into an immense circumlocution office, he will signally fail, and find his administration, at the end of four years, sunk lower than did ever plummet sound. The country, too, will be in a state of fermenting stagnation, growing weaklier and sicklier daily, from repression of energy and healthy expansiveness, and stained all over with political and social plague-spots more hideous than now. But, if Mr. Buchanan turn his back on those expedients, if he refuse to abdicate his mission, as a President of the United States at this juncture, and direct the energies of the Government where the Ostend letter—the best document he ever signed—points, to wit, towards the tropics, towards Cuba, Nicaragua and Mexico, he will succeed. He will stand where Pierce did in 1852, only on a little broader ground and under a more defined pledge, but it is to be hoped that he will not bury the platform on which he was elected in the most mysterious recess of the circumlocution office, and cower like a schoolboy before the ferule of some second Marcy. He owes his election to the vote of the South, and to the defiant attitude of resistance which she was beginning to assume. He should bear that fact well in mind. He will be a traitor, and insensible to every manly feeling of gratitude, if he forget it, and disregard the obligations it implies. Then let him live up to the letter and spirit of the Ostend letter; let him look to our interests in Cuba, which, by right of geography and of political necessity, should be ours; let him fortify Walker in Nicaragua, and forestall Spanish and French designs upon Mexico; let him place the great Tehuantepec route beyond the hazard of being lost to us, by securing the grant of a strip of Territory across that Isthmus; let him do these things, and we can laugh to scorn the subtle policy of Seward, the rhetorical raving of Sumner, and the blatant menaces of their followers.

Not alone in the South would he find approval for such a course. The acquisition of slave territory, by conquest or annexation, would find nearly as many supporters, avowed or silent, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia as in New Orleans. There would be a howl from the Abolitionists and free negroes, of course. But the great issues such a policy would bring up would confront us face to face with England and France. The opposition would be borne down by that national spirit which always sways the national heart when confronted with other nations. The acquisition of Cuba, in defiance of England and France, would not split the Union—it would strengthen it. The regeneration of Central America, by Walker in alliance with the United States, would lead to the gradual emancipation of the West Indies from the infamous free negroism established by the enemies of American republicanism.

The people, from Maine to California, are sick and tired of old issues. They want something new, bold and expansive. They want a policy in keeping with steam, railroads and telegraphs. They want new leaders, new homes and new ideas. The new policy must come from the South—must be sustained by the independent press, and the leaders in Congress must be men so seated and fixed in the heart of hearts of the Southern people as to command our approval, even if leading us against established prejudices and party goods. We have the men for the emergency. We will have John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, in the House, and Jefferson Davis, of the same gallant State, in the Senate. They are both men of principle, regarding fidelity to noble ends infinitely more honourable and glorious than ignoble success. They are inured to the battle harness, both civic and military, and, in peace or war, the South will always know where to find them. They have no mean past at their backs, but they are men of the future, too, and in settling the great question which must be met, sooner or later, they will have conspicuous parts to enact. That question is this, to wit: Whether this Union shall be Northern and sectional—to use a seeming contradiction in terms—or Southern and national?

From The Charleston Mercury.

BEAUFORT, Monday, Nov. 10, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In common with a large number of my fellow-citizens of this District, I had the pleasure of hearing our immediate Representative in Congress, Col. Keitt, address the people at Gillisonville, on the first day of Court (last Monday). . . . Col. Keitt thinks for himself, speaks for himself, acts for himself. He belongs, as almost all of us in South Carolina have belonged for many years, to the Democratic party, but he did not rely on that party to secure for us what we desired—an exemption from impertinent interference on the part of the free States with our domestic institutions. Col. K. believed that *the bayonet would have to settle the question,* and based his belief chiefly on the ground *that the tide of fanaticism never retired unless forced back.* I agree with him in the settled conviction that the slave States ought to be prepared to resist, by physical force, every menaced invasion of their chartered rights; and wonder how men of sagacity and courage can allow the military arm of our State to remain so undisciplined. But possibly a more familiar acquaintance with the history of fanaticism leads me to a different conclusion as to the possibility of its wasting itself away, even though no barrier be opposed to it. I feel persuaded that, should the slave States do what it has for many years seemed to me their duty to do—*insist upon an adjustment of the basis upon which the public property of the Union is to be divided, in case of a separation—the free States would be brought to their senses;* and instead of permitting the fanatical spirit which has ruined the British West Indies, to desolate (if it could) the Southern States of this Union, or, at least, to go on exasperating them beyond all endurance, they would recognise cordially the doctrine of State sovereignty, and unite in an attempt to administer the General Government on those fair and equal principles which their fathers assented to.

Let, for instance, Mr. Keitt, or Mr. Boyce, or your newly elected and truly worthy Representative from Charleston, Mr. Miles, all of whom (I trust I speak without undue State partiality) may well compete with any public men of their age in any State of the Union, or let Judge Butler, or Judge Evans, in the Senate—or, if it be apprehended that the jealousy against South Carolina will prevent any measure of her's being successful, let Mr. Hunter of Virginia, or Mr. Toombs of Georgia, or Gen. Quitman of Mississippi, or some others among the very able Southern statesmen, *bring before Congress, at its next session, and keep before it, a project for the division of the Navy, of the munitions of war, and of the public lands, in case the Union should be dissolved.* Let the Southern statesmen agree upon a measure like this, and Mr. Buchanan, when he comes into office, *will be constrained, by that public regard for the preservation of concord in the different sections of the country which has characterized his public course,* not only to treat it with respect, but possibly to summon, for its consideration, a general Convention of all the States, or Conventions in the separate States. Old-fashioned as it may seem, I confess, Messrs. Editors, that I have always had firm confidence in the Veto powers of the separate States, as set forth in the report of a Select Committee of our State Legislature in 1828, written by Mr. Calhoun; and if our statesmen could not be united on that doctrine, now that he is no more, as they never would be whilst he lived, the Democratic party of the Union might yet prove, as I verily believe it has proved, in many instances, the conservators both of National Honour and State Independence and Sovereignty.

Meanwhile let our dear little State attend to her own affairs, and get herself ready for any and every emergency. Let all old grudges, whether party, sectional or personal, be banished. Let this jealousy between Upper and Lower Country cease. Let the Electoral question be pleasantly adjusted. Yes, and let not National Conventions of the Democratic party be so abhorrently avoided. If we have, as we are conceded to have, in Col. Orr and others, those who are skilled in influencing such public bodies, I for myself can see no manner of reason why we should not take part in them. Nor could I see any sufficient ground for finding fault with our venerable and well-tried Senator, Judge Butler, for counselling our people to send delegates to the late Cincinnati Convention. In politics, as in war, wisdom consists in doing the best one can under the emergencies that arise; and I sincerely trust that South Carolina will, for the future, acquire more influence among her sister States, North and South, than she has hitherto enjoyed, by adapting herself better to the age in which she lives.

W. H. BARNWELL.

From The Richmond Examiner.

We feel prouder to-day of our party, in view of the great results of this triumph, than we have ever done in former days of our party victory. Many persons, we are aware, think that the next four years will be but a breathing spell, and that the same agitations through which we have passed will be renewed. We are inclined to think not. We rather believe that this Black Republican party will fall into decay and disrepute. We do not think that they can ever again enter the field in such imposing numbers. Fanaticism has been stimulated to its utmost, and like every creed and every party which is based upon one narrow prejudice, this Black Republican party must melt away when the frenzied madness of the hour is over. Questions of foreign policy may arise, or dangers of some kind now unseen may serve to keep us united and harmonious. Public opinion at the North will have ample time to regain a healthy tone.

The same pretexts for a sectional party are not likely soon to occur. Governments have been provided for the Territories, and the principle of non-intervention by Congress in the domestic policy of the Territories has been approved by the people. This principle, so proper and just in itself, is eminently Democratic, and we are confident that it will work admirably in practice. Already Kansas, relieved from the disturbing elements which were introduced by Free Soilers, is making rapid advance in population. Peace and order, so happily established, will invite into her borders a substantial and permanent immigration. Soon she will apply for admission into the Union, and the slavery question will be settled by her own people. So, too, with the rest of the Territories. Looking to the fact that the recent intense excitement has grown out of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and regarding the election of Buchanan as the solemn judgment of the nation indorsing and approving its principles, we think that we are right in saying that the last pretext for anti-slavery agitation has died away, and that the Free Soil party will rapidly dwindle to an inconsiderable band of impracticable and visionary fanatics.

From The Charleston Standard.

We have no objection to the expression of satisfaction at the election of Mr. Buchanan. We rejoice in it ourselves. We are glad to see the high honours of the Confederacy conferred upon a man so capable of wearing them with credit to the country. We are rejoiced to see eminent and long services distinguished by popular approval. We have done our part to vindicate his political consistency, his faithful adherence to the principles of the Constitution, and his claims to the support of the South. We have no doubt that he will do his utmost, during his Administration, to suppress the dangerous questions that have given such an acrimonious character to this election. We have no doubt that he will use all his power, and all his personal ascendancy, to save the Constitution, and thereby the Union.

But when the Raleigh *Standard* assumes that it is the Democratic party—the National Democratic party—whose devotion to the Constitution has put him in a position to attempt these objects—has, in short, *put him in a position to represent a constitutional majority of both sections,* it assumes what the results of the elections show conclusively to be untrue. And we are surprised that that journal, in the intoxication of success, should shut its eyes to the Pyrrhic character of this victory—*one more such, and we are lost.* It is the South that has saved the Democratic party, and not the Democratic party that has thrown its shield over the South.

Look at the results. In every Southern State there were only two candidates for the Presidency, the adherents of whom equally professed faithful devotion to the constitutional rights of the South, and claimed, each for its candidate, perfect fidelity on this question. In every Northern State there were three candidates, one of whom was the representative of the old constitutional Democratic party; another, of mixed party, which has never assented to any principles securing the rights and safety of the South; and the third, representing a party whose sole principle was avowed hostility to our action. The statistics are not yet sufficiently complete to enable us positively to determine in how many of these States the abolition candidate received an abolition majority; but what we know is, that only in a single one of them—Pennsylvania, his native State—has Mr. Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, received such majority. In each of fourteen Southern States his ticket represents an absolute majority of the voters. In four Northern States he has the electoral vote, and in one of them only it is chosen by a majority of the popular vote. *If this can be called a triumph of a National party over sectionalism, it is such a triumph as the South ought to shudder at the thought of repeating.* There is no probability that, at the next election, there will be three candidates in the field. The experiment of setting up a conservative candidate, to represent the fragments of the old Whig party there, has proved too disheartening to allow any hope to Union-savers that it will ever be tried again. And we ask the Raleigh *Standard* in all sobriety and kindness, that when it comes to be an issue between another Buchanan and another Fremont, whether the Northern supporters of Fillmore will not be found to range themselves, almost in a body, under the flag of Black Republicanism? We cannot think our cotemporary will disagree with us; and if so, we ask it to tell the people of North Carolina plainly *what will be the result of the Presidential election in 1860.* And whether, so far from saving the South, this election ought not simply to be considered in the light of displaying to the Southern people the yawning abyss down which the North is threatening to plunge us.

From The N. O. Crescent, Nov. 11.

What are the circumstances that now surround the Southern States, and what are the prospects the future holds out? A brief reference to the past and present will show. Four years ago the Abolition Free Soil party in the North was in a small, in fact, a contemptible minority. There was not a Northern State they could call their own. Their leaders were comparatively modest in their assumptions—that is, modest for Abolitionists. How stands the case at this writing? Why, in a struggle for the Presidency they *have swept nearly the entire North;* have blotted the American Union party out of existence; have well nigh annihilated the Democratic party; have elected a majority of Congressmen; have carried State Legislatures that will reject conservative and national Senators—Gen. Cass among the number; and now unqualifiedly avow that not another slave State shall ever be admitted into the Union; that they will surround the slave States with a cordon of free States, and that if the South attempts to vindicate her constitutional rights, either by secession or otherwise, that they will coerce her into obedience; compel her to remain in the Union, and constrain her to submission to such Federal laws as they may see proper to insert in the general statute book!

In the foregoing few lines is a faithful portraiture of what the Black Republicans were, what they are now, and what they propose to do in future. We have made no mistake. We know what we have said; and have neither extenuated nor exaggerated.

Now, reader, mark; If the sentiment at the North is so strong and embittered against the South, as to enable the Free Soil party, under the pressure of adverse circumstances, to rise in four years from the depths of defeat almost to the topmost heights of victory, what may we not look for in the next four years? Why, if this Union exists that length of time, Senator William H. Seward, of New York, will be elected President of the United States! We have not the smallest doubt in the premises. Indeed, had he run himself this time, instead of running his wretched tool Fremont, the probabilities are that he would have carried the entire North. If the instrument could accomplish so much, what could not the master of the instrument have accomplished? In this interrogatory there is food for profound reflection.

DUTY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN REGARD TO THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Charleston Standard, Nov. 18.

WE have lately exhibited the slave trade in many of its aspects, but before taking final leave of that subject, it may be important to present it in its relations to the Democratic party.

The time was not proper for doing so when the series of articles was originally written. We might have disturbed our friends in the Presidential contest, with an issue upon which they might not have been prepared to act; but the contest is now over; the Democratic party is now in a condition to project its course; it is its duty, if possible, to adopt a line of action that will *settle this sectional controversy* which threatens to break the structure of our Union, and we can conceive of none which tends so directly to that object, as *the one which leads at once to the removal of restrictions from the slave trade.*

The Democratic party has gained a triumph over sectionalism, but it were simple to suppose that we have achieved a final victory. The wolves driven back to the hills will not more certainly return when repose shall settle on the limbs of their intended victim, than will the Free Soil party at the North, when we shall have abandoned an attitude of resistance. There is a necessity that the South shall be relieved from a position to invite attack; that the relations of the two sections which compose this Union shall be so settled as that one shall not be a legitimate object of plunder to the other, and to effect this object—to place them upon an equal grade with respect to each other, and upon positions of equal respectability before the world, it is imperatively necessary to remove the brand of piracy imposed upon our institutions, and redeem and emancipate the South.

The Democratic party owes this to the South, and is under every obligation to make the payment. *It is in virtue of the South alone that it has been able to achieve success.* We gave them not only support to the extent of our numbers, but we gave them an attitude of resistance which diverted aggression from its purpose. It is thus only that the Union and its glorious traditions have been saved from the grasp of the sectional invader. There is no single Northern State that would not have given a majority to the end of grasping the helm of government if they had been assured of the ability to wield it; but they rather took their chances of fortune under a constitutional government than trusted to a connection with that section whose only bond of union was the hope of plunder, and from the fear they might never enjoy the fruits of a sectional triumph, they joined the South to perpetuate the Constitution. *The South, therefore, contains all that is vital in the Democratic party;* it is the main trunk of the national structure which gives to Northern majorities the opportunity of nestling among its branches; and as well from the recollection of present obligations at the hopes of that success which the South can always give to the party that may be true to her, is this party bound to consider for us, and to adopt the measure necessary to the strength and integrity of Southern institutions.

To the accomplishment of that object, the measure we propose is of the very last importance. *It is vain to look for a proper measure of stability and progress to the South while the restrictions of the slave trade continue.* Without labour we cannot look for the full development of our resources. Without population, we cannot hope for a proper share of power in the general government. While with the brand upon us, consisting in the act of Congress declaring the slave trade piracy, we can never hope for a position in the regards of an enlightened world. If the trade be piracy, the slave must be plunder. By special reasoning, we may cover up the stolen goods from the thefts of its procurement, but the natural logic of the world will still pursue the crime to its consequences. Though we show, as we can show, that this union of unequal races exhibits the best form of society the world has ever seen; that it shows order and the securities for order; that it has elevated the African; that it has raised the savage to agency in the civilization of the world, and has given the ruling race a higher point to start from in his reach to higher thoughts and nobler purposes—still, if it be crime to take the slave, it must be crime to keep him; or, if the form be right, the process to its formation cannot be that darkest act in the catalogue of crimes which we proclaim it; and enlightened reason tells us that we must abandon the defence of slavery, or we must remove its condemnation from the statutes of the country. We cannot disaffirm the sentence, for it is our own act; we are a miserable appendage of this Government, and the North is what it assumes to be, the only party to hold intercourse with the world, or this is our own voluntary act, and we cannot object that it shall be taken as a confession of judgment, and that the sentence of execration legitimately comes upon us.

In defence of slavery, therefore, there is no position left us but that of the outlaw, who strikes for advantages which he has no right to claim, and against the forms of a society he cannot question. Such a position as this is inconsistent with the high office which the South is called upon to perform. *If she has to bear onward the Democratic party, and the traditions and glories of the Union, she must be legitimated and called to the recognition of an enlightened world.* If she is not to do this, she has, at least, the trusts of her own form of society, and it is incumbent upon her to legitimate herself. *If the Democratic party, therefore, would rest upon the South, or if it would preserve the South in permanent connection with the other section of this Union, it must come, and come speedily, to this act of justice.*

This measure we verily believe will restore peace to the distracted country. The North will make no further war upon the South; they would rather rule us than act with us; the jackall, perhaps, might rather ride the lion in his forest chase, but not permitted to do this, will gladly follow to a participation in the spoils, and so the North may be enraged at the proposition to legitimate the South, but she will find in our increase of strength and progress, no motive to continual war upon us. Our weakness may invite aggression, but not so our power—and as we rise and march to a legitimate destiny, she will gladly join us upon any terms we may see proper to propose. The South will make no war upon the North; we never have made war upon them, and there is scarcely the remotest possibility we shall ever do so. We have been unreasonable enough to wish to be let alone, and we have turned upon our troublesome assailants, when they have exhibited the disposition to draw too closely the snares of the government around us, but our every aim has been limited to resistance, merely. We have field enough in developing the form and nature of our institutions in our wide domain, for all the energies we possess, and we have no motive to interfere with the progress and prosperity of the North. Assured of the ability to draw in the labour that may be necessary to the development of our resources—to draw in a population which may be necessary to a participation in the power of the General Government—to take a recognised position among the societies of the world, we will be without the motive to disturb them further. The North will be without the motive in our strength to take a farther step against the South; and, unless that section is affected with the madness, therefore, which renders her an unfit constituent of any government—a fact not yet to be inferred from the method she has always practised, the very last trace of a sectional controversy may be swept away by the passage of this measure, from the political history of our country.

There may be questions among ourselves as to the policy of reopening the slave trade, but the trade is not reopened by the removal of restrictions in the act of Congress. If it be not wise to import slaves, we need not import them. Each State will be competent to exclude them, while then we may practice as a virtue what is now but an act of obedience to foreign authority. In every aspect of the question it is for the South to come under the direction of her own intelligence upon the subject, and while we may have interests that cannot be considered by the North, it would be a depth of abasement that all must shrink from, to admit that we can only be held to an act of duty by the stringent requisitions of an act of Congress.

This subject we commend to the serious consideration of the Democratic party. They have the opportunity to do an act of justice to a section of the Union, that merits something at their hands; they have the opportunity of restoring peace to warring sections which, without, must ultimately break the Union; and they have the opportunity of fortifying their own power by a measure, which, if the Union be preserved, will bear them on to a more distinguished career of progress. And, in view of these considerations, we will indulge the hope that they will be influenced, as they ever have been, by enlightened policy, and that they may retain success by continuing to deserve it.

Selections.

MISSOURI.

From The Lawrence Herald of Freedom.

THE outrages perpetrated upon Kansas by Missouri are unparalleled in the annals of crime. When we consider that we are all Americans claiming equal rights and equal privileges, living under the Constitution guaranteeing our safety when travelling, in all parts of the Union, and our protection and happiness when living at home, in any part of this wide-spread country; and when we consider that this always has been accomplished by it till within a few short months, what words can we find to express the crime which we are contemplating?—a crime not simply against Kansas, but against the United States—not only against the United States, but against the world. Humanity bleeds, and every nation suffers by her reckless and unprincipled course. Taken as a whole, her deeds comprise an abomination without a name. Individually they are political perfidy, treason, murder, arson, robbery, &c. Every provision of the Constitution has been broken. Every command of the decalogue violated, and all the rights of man stricken to the ground; and that, too, on a people who have done no harm, but rather good, and who have violated no law either of the United States or of Missouri. The editor of *The Herald of Freedom* came to Kansas bringing with him one of the *peculiar institutions* of Pennsylvania, one which he had long been in the enjoyment of there—a *Free Press.* This press he brought with him to Kansas, and for a long time was, with many others, in the enjoyment of it here. In the meantime Missouri sent over her armed men by thousands on election day, destroyed the elective franchise of the Territory, forced upon us legislators and laws against our will, forbidding both freedom of speech and freedom of the press—rights guaranteed expressly by word in the Constitution. Because the editor of this paper stood by the *peculiar institutions* of the free States—Free Speech and a Free Press—he was illegally seized by a mob in Missouri and kept a prisoner for many months, charged with no crime but treason against slavery. Then his printing-press was broken up and his property destroyed, amounting to many thousand dollars, and all for no crime. Many of our most estimable citizens were arrested and imprisoned for deeds which have been counted virtues in all ages of the world, and some not even accused of any crime. Not satisfied with this, Missouri waylaid the public highways and commenced robbing merchants, and travellers, and emigrants. Up to this date her robberies, and arsons, in the Territory and out, are supposed to amount to over a million of dollars. Nor has this all fallen upon Free State men, for some of her own citizens, who were merchants in Kansas, are large losers. One firm, native Missourians, who are merchants in Lawrence, showed us bills of dry goods, clothing, &c., amounting to $17,000, which was all stolen at Leavenworth by the invaders, supposed to be Missourians. One other firm had $9,000 worth of goods taken. All these things did not intimidate the inhabitants of Kansas, nor swerve them from the purpose of maintaining their rights. So another tragedy must be committed. Unsuspecting travellers are murdered and robbed upon the highway. Peaceable citizens are shot down at their own doors, and the houses pillaged and burnt. When an uncommon outrage is committed—as a stranger shot down and scalped in mere wantonness, on a bet—the subject is talked over by our enemies, laughed at, and thought to be a capital thing. All these things, and many, many more, stand charged on the annals of crime in Kansas against Missouri. We allude to these things now to ask Missouri whether she intends to continue them, or to put a stop to them? Shall we live in friendship and peace, as our fathers did, or shall we live in strife and war? We are anxious to know. Kansas is already a free State. Four-fifths of the actual residents of Kansas are in favour of making it a free State, and if it were not for the United States Dragoons there would not be the least show of enforcing the bogus Missouri laws in this Territory for one month. The whole thing would be dropped. If this is so, then Missouri must make up her mind to have Kansas for a free State neighbour the remainder of her existence. And we will be just and good neighbours if we are allowed to be, or bad neighbours if we are forced to it. So far we have only acted in self-defence. We have never followed the *Lex talionis,* and we do not intend to, unless forced against our will. We now make the proposition, fairly, and in good faith: for Missouri to let Kansas alone to do her own voting, and to decide for herself her own institutions of freedom or slavery, and Kansas will forgive and forget the past crimes against her, and live as though nothing wrong had happened. This will bring to Kansas from the free States a large class of peaceful agricultural citizens, whose trade and commerce will be largely in Missouri, and will add greatly to her business prospects. If, on the other hand, Missouri keeps up her aggressions, she injures herself more than us, because she is an old State and feels the shock more than new unformed communities. It will also draw into Kansas, as settlers, an entirely different class of men—men who love excitement and who will retaliate to the fullest extent for every injury inflicted or attempted upon themselves. A standing army must be kept here, or the scenes which we have just passed through will be the regular order of the day till the whole country, both in Missouri and in Kansas, will be burnt over and depopulated. Is it not better to stop now, while we can, than to go on till the worst passions of the human heart are aroused, and large bodies of armed men on both sides enlisted to do as much injury as possible to each? We go for peace now, as we ever have done. We shall do everything honourable and just which men can do to promote the peace and harmony of the country. We may be obliged for a time to submit to the brute force of the Slave Power, enforced by United States muskets; but this cannot last always. The country is fast settling up with free State emigrants. Our public highways west and south of Topeka are thronged with emigrant wagons. Whoever lives to see the sun rise and set two years longer will see Kansas a free State without any controversy.

The decision of this question has to be made by the *actual settlers* at some future time, and they ought to be here on a claim watching and working till the time comes. If a pro-slavery Constitution were submitted to a vote of the people to-day, it would be defeated, four to one. And this disparity will never be less. The reasons are obvious.

First: The free State emigration, which amounts to hundreds of thousands yearly, is now turned into Kansas, and will fill it in two or three years.

Second: There is very little emigration from the South, as far north as this, and what little there is will find more safety for their property and more congenial society in Missouri than here.

Third: They will find land there, too, equally as good and not more than one-tenth of the price.

Fourth: Very many of the settlers of Kansas are from Missouri and other slave States, and a very large majority of them are in favour of making Kansas a free State. This class of emigrants is leaving Missouri and coming to Kansas continually. Their reasons are sufficient to convince any reasonable man that slavery will never flourish here. We will now be Missouri's best friend and customer, if she will permit it, or we will be her worst enemy if she forces us into that position.

It is for the interest of Missouri that our population come there to trade with her merchants. It is for the interest of Missouri to keep the peace, and make it safe for all classes of peaceable citizens to visit her when they please, and return when they please. It is for the interest of Missouri to frown upon the ambitious leaders of mobs, so as to make persons and property equally safe in Missouri and Kansas.

What does Missouri say to our proposition?

From The Tribune.

THE DISMISSAL OF TYNG.

"We have but three words to say, 'served him right.'"
Church Journal (*Episcopal*).

SERVED him right! How could he dare
To touch the idol of our day?
What if its shrine be red with blood?
Why, let him turn his eyes away.

Who dares dispute our right to bind
With galling chains the weak and poor?
To starve and crush the deathless mind,
Or hunt the slave from door to door?

Who dares dispute our right to sell
The mother from her weeping child?
To hush, with ruthless stripes and blows,
Her shrieks and sobs of anguish wild?

'Tis right to plead for heathen lands,
To send the Bible to their shores,
And then to make, for power and pelf,
A race of heathens at our doors.

What holy horror filled our hearts—
It shook our church from dome to nave—
Our cheeks grew pale with pious dread,
To hear him breathe the name of slave.

Upon our Zion, fair and strong,
His words fell like a fearful blight;
We turned him from our saintly fold;
And this we did to "serve him right."

Phila., Nov. 18, 1856. FRANCES E. WATKINS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NICARAGUA.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I arrived in the steamer Texas from Nicaragua, but have been confined all the time to my bed by the sorry effects of hardships and privations which I suffered during my short military career in the *grande armée* of the American Gengkis Khan. I now avail myself of the first moment of quietness to give you a short outline of things in Nicaragua, reserving a more full and substantiated history of facts connected with the present situation of that country for a more favourable opportunity. I have left behind me, in the bloody hands of Walker, responsibilities dear to my heart, whose lives might be endangered by full disclosures!

In the first part of September a friend and myself, while in Havana, were handed a pompous prospectus of emigrating speculations in the Republic of Nicaragua. I need not say with what brilliant colours the climate of that country were represented on that enticing paper. I suppose you see specimens of such humbugs every day, even in this fortunate country. What captivated the most our sympathies was the offer of two hundred and fifty acres of rich and beautifully situated land, where we might have a permanent home in the pursuit of our respective professions; my friend being a very able naturalist, and I a very humble practitioner of medicine and surgery. We had also a lad with us, a little over thirteen years, whom we took as an assistant. We accepted these flattering propositions; the arrangements were quickly made for our transportation to the new *El Dorado;* and a paper, purporting to be a land warrant, was handed to us, in which it was expressly stipulated that out of two hundred and fifty acres of land, 100 acres should go to the company as payment of our *free* passage, while the remaining 150 acres would be assigned to each of us on our arrival on the spot. On board the steamer, we found ourselves in company with 35 Frenchmen, who, like ourselves, had been blindly allured into the same enterprise. As soon as the vessel arrived at St. Juan, we were asked, in a manner which did not seem prepared for any evasion, to surrender the land warrants, and they would *make everything right* on our reaching Granada. On our arrival in that noble and ancient city, we were roughly showed to the *quartel* (barracks), and were each furnished with a musket and a complete military accoutrement. We saw immediately, by the appearance of the persons and things that were about us, that any remarks from us would not meet with a favourable reception; reasoning has never been a part of strategical science. Therefore, we unanimously resolved to *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu,* and to submit to circumstances. We were drilled for about a week in the military exercise, and one night we were awakened by the drums and ordered to start with all speed for Masaya. At this latter place, our company, composed of about 50 men, officers included, arrived at noon on the following day, after a very fatiguing march, not for the distance, which is only 15 miles, but on account of the horrible state of the roads. Towards evening we were regaled with a sumptuous repast, which consisted of a kind of soup, the smell and taste of which would have deterred, I am certain, your dogs from soiling their chops with it. Rest was just as necessary to us as food, and we were delighted when we were told that we might lie down for a few hours. A bed or a hammock would be a luxury among the Nicaraguan regenerators, and their ultra democratic habits would scorn it. We were, then, glad enough to lie on the bare floor, a little straw or hay being allowed only to the officers. But before midnight the enjoyment of a sound sleep was broken again by the beating of the drums, and at the point of the swords of the officers (nearly all Irish rowdies) we were pushed into the ranks and compelled again to march toward Granada, but by a different and longer route than the one we had followed a few hours before. The fatigues and hardships of that disastrous retreat, in the middle of the darkest nights, by precipices and through narrow ways covered with water and mud two feet deep, are beyond all description. More than half the number of my company died on that horrible night from exhaustion, starvation and fatigue, we were lost on the way. On our return from Masaya to Granada we found that the main body of Walker's army had left for that town, and shortly afterward the place was invested and attacked by a combined force of Guatemalans and some volunteers from St. Salvador and natives of Nicaragua. The few troops which Walker left in Granada, joined by all the American inhabitants in the place and the public employees, fought most brilliantly, and resisted the attack until the principal army, personally commanded by Walker, arrived to our rescue. Then the assailants finding themselves between two fires, were obliged to retreat, leaving behind them their wounded and dead (about 400 in all) and a few pieces of artillery, of very little use. I must say that the Americans had on that occasion the advantage of keeping up their fire from behind strong ramparts and barricades, and they also had plenty of good ammunition and excellent fire-arms, which had lately arrived from the *neutral* United States. The stories that some journals have published are utterly false, that the native inhabitants of Granada did prodigies of valour in defending their city. The Spanish population of Granada which, before Walker's protection, amounted to 15,000, can scarcely number now 200 native families; all the rest have emigrated and joined Rivas; and Walker possesses now just as much territory as the feet of the soldiers can occupy; and when he offers so liberally free farms to deluded foreign emigrants, he is like the devil when he once offered to give away all the kingdoms of the world.

Walker, I must say, is neither a Turenne nor a Massena. Some of his friends say, in a whisper, that nature has refused him the most ordinary degree of courage; but he has all the skill and talents of Cartouches.* His decrees to the effect of reëstablishing slavery and the slave trade in Nicaragua were concocted with the distinguished Franco-American Democrat, Soule, and the American Minister, Wheeler; and it is said that the voyage of this latter to the United States, together with the Arnold of Central America, Firmin Ferrer, is connected with certain arrangements for the carrying such schemes into execution.

Tired of enduring the tyranny of a master who often made me regret the despotism of Haynau and Radetzky, I bought for $50, paid to Walker's Government, leave to depart for myself and my servant boy, who died of over-exertion and fatigue before I embarked in the Texas. Of the thirty-five Frenchmen who went with me from Havana to Nicaragua, only eight were still alive when I left.

Truly yours, O. D.

New York, Nov. 19, 1856.

The Editor of *The Tribune* says:

It appears from the official statement in *El Nicaraguense,* Walker's newspaper organ, that within the last fourteen months he has received from the United States a little over 4,100 recruits. Of these, 144 are reported as having been killed in battle. Walker's whole force on the 1st of November, including the last arrival of 325 men from New Orleans, under Col. Jacques, was, by the returns, only 1,275 men, leaving about 2,700 to be accounted for. The discharges made by Walker are very few, and only of those absolutely incapacitated for service by wounds or sickness, except now and then one who has been able to master the means to purchase his release from this degrading and dangerous servitude. A certain number have attempted to run away, and this is too perilous for many to venture upon; and even those who succeed in escaping the vigilance of their master run great risks of perishing miserably of starvation or sickness before they can make their way home. With the most ample allowance, then, for discharges and runaways, it is reasonable to conclude that more than 2,000 young men from Walker's ranks have perished from the disorders and the climate since Walker undertook his fillibustering conquest of that country.

At whose door do the deaths of these deluded young men lie? Not so much at Walker's as at the door of those men in New York, New Orleans and San Francisco, who have been active instruments, the crimps who have entrapped these victims; and still more at the door of those speculating capitalists who have furnished the means to transport them to Nicaragua, and there to become the military slaves of Walker. Nor does the responsibility end with these men. It lies also at the door of a Government which has suffered this horrible trade to go on in direct defiance of our neutrality laws, without anything more than merely colourable attempts to prevent it, and of late without any attempt at all. This is a trade far worse than the cooly trade, of which the worst that can be said is, that the coolies are enticed from home to be worked to death or starved to death for the benefit of their purchasers, while Walker not merely expose his dupes to become the victims of still more frightful mortality, but employs them, not in any innocent or productive operation, but in robbery, plunder, and the expulsion from their homes of the native Nicaraguan proprietors, whose lands and horses he takes possession of and advertises to sell at auction.

MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted at the Third Anniversary, Oct. 11th and 12th, 1856

1. Resolved, That human beings have, by virtue of their existence, certain inalienable rights, which no being in the universe, *not even God himself,* can have a right to infringe, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

2. Resolved, That to protect these rights and to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity and secure liberty to themselves and their posterity, the American people have for nearly seventy years laboured to make a compromise and form a Union between Liberty and Slavery.

3. Resolved, That this effort to form a Union between these two moral contradictions—a thing which God himself could never do, and would have no right to do if he could—instead of securing justice and liberty and a more perfect Union, has wrecked the moral constitution of the people and rendered them, as a nation, incapable of discerning and appreciating the difference between justice and injustice, truth and falsehood, liberty and slavery.

4. Resolved, That the American Union has, as might have been expected, proved a sad and total failure, having, from its inception to the present day, tended to the moral and social ruin and degradation of the American people.

5. Resolved, That as the present American Government has thus not only failed to accomplish the ends for which it was created, but has been a great and positive curse and calamity to the American people and to the human race, it is the *right* and *duty* of the people at once to alter or forever abolish that Government.

6. Resolved, That the people of the non-slaveholding States owe it to themselves and their posterity, and to the justice, liberty and humanity so long and horribly outraged by the present American Union, to call Town, County and State Conventions to consider the expediency of forming a Union on the basis of "No Union with slaveholders."

7. Whereas the American Church, while claiming to be the exclusive and divinely appointed conservator of morals and of pure religion, still treats the stupendous crime of slaveholding as either a venial offence or a Christian virtue, representing the vilest perpetrators of the crime as living embodiments of the spirit and principles of morality and religion; therefore,

Resolved, That such a Church is false to the most obvious principles of justice, hypocritical to its professions of Christian love, fearfully corrupting the morals of the nation, and preëminently responsible for the continuance of slavery, with all its attendant crimes and inconceivable sufferings and wretchedness, and that it is therefore the duty of all, who would not be partakers with conspirators against knowledge, virtue and human happiness, to abandon such a Church as the Synagogue of Satan and the enemy of all righteousness.

8. Resolved, That in view of the condition of the enslaved women of America—slaves in a two-fold sense, first as human beings to the will of fellow human beings, secondly as women to the debasing passions of men—that therefore every woman in these United States is imperatively called upon to utter her indignant protest against a system which robs the feminine embodiment of our great humanity of all its glory, of all its power to save the race, and perverts her as the most efficient instrument of its destruction.

9. Resolved, That the unequivocal and undisguised pro-slavery position of the American and Democratic parties, and the shameless subserviency to slavery which has marked the lives of their candidates, compel us to look upon their supporters in the Northern and Western States as the blind dupes or the unprincipled allies of slaveholders.

10. Resolved, That we recognise as true the assertion contained in an article in the editorial columns of the *National Era* of August 21st, that "THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM IS A HENRY CLAY PLATFORM"; and, after reading the proof therein adduced in support of the proposition, we can fully adopt the language of the article referred to, and challenge any man, North or South, to point out any disagreement between these views of Mr. Clay and those of the Republican party, as embraced in their platform, and in the letter of Col. Fremont accepting the nomination.

Resolved, That we recommend to all politicians who are in the least tinctured with anti-slavery to peruse the articles written, some ten years since, by Dr. Bailey, and other prominent men in the Liberty party, proving most conclusively that for Abolitionists to support the Henry Clay platform would be a practical denial of their principles, and that it would be far better to incur the charge of electing Polk and annexing Texas than to support a platform which the *Era* now declares to be identical with the platform of the Republican party.

11. Whereas we have the testimony of Francis P. Blair, President of the Pittsburgh Convention, which embodied in form the principles on which the Republicans installed their national organization, "that there was not one in that Convention who looked to its action as a means of abolishing slavery in the slave States. On the contrary, they looked to its action in restoring the pacification which bound the States together *as a security to the States where it now exists*"; and

Whereas we have no reason to question the truth of his testimony concerning the Philadelphia Convention, "that nothing could be more revolting to the prevalent sense of that body than the general manumission of the slaves in the South and putting them on a level with the white race;" therefore,

Resolved, in the language of the same distinguished political leader, That "the Republican party abjures the idea of intermeddling with slavery where it exists, or interfering with it in any State which *may hereafter establish it*"; "that the assumption that the Republican is an abolition party *is an audacious libel.*"

12. Whereas the end and aim of the Republican party, according to the testimony of Hon. Nathaniel P. Banks, in his recent speech in New York, "is *not* that we shall legislate on the question of the Fugitive Slave law, or whether in the future extension of our territory slavery shall be prohibited or no"; "that this *is all we ask,* no more, no less, no better and no worse—that the spirit of the acts of 1820 and 1850 shall be made good in 1856—thus removing a question of agitation and giving again to the country the peace it enjoyed in 1852"; and

Whereas we are assured by the same Republican leader that, in the event of the success of the Republican party, "before another year is passed, the question between the North and South will not be one of slavery; but it will be a question of the Pacific Railway and the trade of 700,000,000 of people," and

Whereas we believe it strictly true as also affirmed

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* A celebrated thief and highwayman of the last century.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

by Mr. Banks in his speech in Newburgh, N. Y., Sept. 30th, "We [the Republicans] interfere with no rights of the South, we stand exactly where we have always stood in the old organizations, except in regard to the Missouri Compromise line," and

Whereas the old organizations have always been the faithful friends and allies of slavery, and

Whereas we, the Abolitionists, "stand exactly where *we have always stood," demanding justice for the slave*; therefore,

Resolved, That we can have no more fellowship and yield no more support to the Republican party than to those old organizations whose image and character it bears, and that it is our duty to rebuke and denounce the party which announces and defends such opinions and purposes as in these respects the ally of slavery, and unworthy of our confidence and support.

13. Whereas, judging from the platform of the party, from the declarations of its candidates, and from the expostulations of its prominent advocates, we have every reason to believe that these principles will control the administration of the party, if successful, therefore we cannot hope that any such success will be of any real advantage to the cause of our enslaved countrymen.

Resolved, That in these humiliating concessions and wicked compromises of the Republican party, embracing almost all the anti-slavery politicians of the country, many of whom are measurably and sincerely the opponents of slavery, we have new evidence of the folly of attempting to abolish slavery or protect freedom under our present pro-slavery Union and Constitution; and we are more than ever convinced of the wisdom, policy and justice of the demand, "No Union with slaveholders."

THE BURLINGAME BANQUET IN BOSTON.

On Monday evening last, a Banquet was given to the Hon. Anson Burlingame in Faneuil Hall, Boston. The Hall was decorated with flags, flowers and mottoes. About 1,200 plates were laid. A large number of ladies were present. On and near the stand were Judge Joel Parker, Gen. Wilson, R. H. Dana, Jr., John E. Hodge, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Chas. F. Adams, Chas. Phelps, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Amos Tuck of New Hampshire, John A. Andrew, Gov. Hoppin of Rhode Island, and numerous other gentlemen of distinction. Joseph Story, ex-Chairman of the Municipal Council, presided, assisted by a long list of Vice-Presidents, headed by Mr. Dana.

After the tables were cleared—at 8 o'clock—Mr. Burlingame was introduced, and received with an enthusiasm which we have never seen equalled, the audience rising and shouting uninterruptedly for several minutes. His speech was cheered to the echo. Most of it was extemporaneous. The speaker gathered strength as he proceeded.

MR. BURLINGAME'S SPEECH.

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I am unable to say much to you, but I am too grateful to remain entirely silent. I left my room for the first time almost for more than four weeks to meet you to-night. I felt it my duty to present myself before you even if only to say a word and let my voice for one moment at least be heard in gratitude. I can do little more than return my thanks, my sincerest thanks, for the great honour you have done me. I thank the manufacturing, the commercial, the labouring men of the Fifth District, who do their own thinking and their own voting—men who cast down the axe and hammer and vote of their own wills, tutored by their own consciences, and say, "We'll go to the polls and please ourselves, and not to vote only so as to satisfy those who would direct us." I thank the young men of the district who stood around like a band of brothers. From their very hearts came the consummation of our victory. I shall never think of their efforts without a sensation of the deepest gratitude, and a feeling of the highest pride. I thank the men of other parties who, when they saw the unequal contest which pitted three against one, went at once into the battle heart and soul, not from any personal preference for the humble individual before you, but because they loved fair play at times, and freedom evermore. I thank the merchants also whose patriotism was not mastered by apprehension of pecuniary disadvantages; men who lived in the shades of Bunker Hill, felt the influence of the genius of that sacred ground. Such men are fit successors of the patriots of old worthy compatriots of him who said, when importuned on the subject, when the tongue of servility called for a vote for cotton, "I will not give it, sir. There is something to vote for to-day, which is of more importance than cotton." I thank those scholars, and the women whom my friend, Mr. Hillard, has "given to freedom." Wherever you find learning, you find religion, and true to the liberty with which God has invested all humanity. And last, but not least, I thank that brave old man, whose name shines so brightly in the history of this Commonwealth, and the country at large, who threw into the scale more than the weight of the brand of Brennus, and proved that the pen was indeed far mightier than the sword—Hon. Josiah Quincy, Senior. He gave us a pamphlet written in the spirit of the Revolutionary Fathers, and it was backed by the venerable experience of more than eighty-four well spent years. Long may he live and keep the vigour of the day of battle.

> Though old of years and feeble of limb,
> But few of his day could cope with him;
> And the foemen he singly held at bay
> Outnumbered his thin hairs of silver gray.

I thank you all, because it was a triumph of principle you had in the Fifth District, and not alone because your success included mine. Through your devotion to principle my humble name has incidentally become associated with an important phase of our political life. I thank you that you did not give up Faneuil Hall to South Carolina. They may call the roll of their slaves in the District of Columbia still, but the rally of Freemen will overpower their number. I trust that the time has gone by, never, never to return, when anybody, whatever his proclivities to servility and sycophancy, will deem it a merit in a candidate for Congress from Massachusetts that his election should give pleasure to the South. I marvelled, as you did, when you heard it, that any man in the District should have expressed belief that if I was elected, I would not give expression to the sentiments of Massachusetts without fear or favour. It is evidence enough to any one who reads that expression, as it proves itself to me, that such a speech was made to the South, and that there are Uriah Heeps in Massachusetts who are very humble indeed. Uriah Heep had a motive in his humility, and so have they, but his was the most respectable of the two. Here is one who proposes to surpass Uriah Heep in sycophancy—who proposes it as a rule of policy to the State which gave birth to Hancock, Adams, Warren, Revere, the noble mechanic, and Quincy, to speak the sentiments of freedom and of Massachusetts only as such expression shall please the South. How would you begin such a speech, and how would you end it? I do not think that the man who uttered this sentiment, if it deserves the name, would comprehend the difficulty of the process himself; and if he cannot, where is the man who can? Fellow-citizens, if any one among you, here or elsewhere, voted for me expecting me to try this process, he has been mistaken in his views. In the language of another, changed but a little, if I have a truth to utter, I shall speak and leave the rest to God. My humble record is before you. My short Congressional career has not, I confess, been full of incidents. Those of most note are associated with the struggle to attain the election of Speaker Banks. I and my colleagues laboured in our patriotic work with all the earnestness and diligence and determination within our power. We worked side by side with unflagging energy, and we deserved the eminent success which followed. There were some private matters which, as I have not referred to them in the canvass, I will not call up to-night. Would that my conduct in Congress were worthier of those that preferred me as a representative of this good old Commonwealth there.

What I will do in the future is now of much more importance than any review of the past. I will make no promises, as no one can, by any possibility, know what the future may require; he cannot say what he will do. I can only say I will do right. I will do whatever I may perform, you may rely on it, conscientiously. If I have not already lowered the standard of representation of old Massachusetts, I will not do so, I pledge you, in the future. If her enemies strike at the fair white bosom of the old mother Commonwealth again, I will strike back. Fellow-citizens, I was admonished not to speak too long. But I must say, in closing, that I will try to represent you, and at the same time do no wrong to any man. I will do it in the spirit of Union. I am not a Sectionalist. I am no Disunionist, for I love the whole Union; but if others concur in the sentiments of sycophancy I have spoken of, they do what should not be done, and what I never will do. Neither will I say what is improper to to be said, for I believe that the time has come, or should come, when every district of these free States should be represented on the basis of true principle; and better far for every man to go into his grave doing his duty, than swerve a hair's breadth from its performance, and break the hearts of young men who are arrayed, not against the Constitution and the Union, but who are armed in opposition to a section warring against them and their dearest principles and interests. I will go to the scene of my duty as soon as I am able, determined not to stray one inch from the path of duty, or to be swayed to do so by any man, section, or influence whatsoever. We have driven the enemy from New England, but he lingers as in the Revolution round New Jersey and Pennsylvania. One more struggle and we will drive him thence down to the Yorktown of our political struggle, and there conquer him forever. Let us begin the campaign here and now. Our flag is still floating free on the breeze, and our union is perfect and our leaders brave. All that we ask is that you will sound in our ears the war-cry of Napoleon, "Forward! Forward! Forward!" I thank you once more for the thousand kindnesses you have lavished upon me, and bid you for the present an affectionate farewell.

The audience immediately rose and greeted Mr. Burlingame with loud and long-continued cheers.

The regular toasts followed, interspersed with music.

In response to the sentiment, "Our Country," Hon. Henry Wilson spoke at considerable length.

Robert B. Hall, M. C., from the Plymouth District, Speaker Phelps and Charles Francis Adams, successively responded.

Col. Blodgett, of Providence, answered with a song written for the occasion, and telling how Brooks showed the white feather.

He was followed by Mr. Dana, who spoke to a toast in honour of the Free Schools of New England.

Judge Parker, of the Cambridge Law School, was next called upon, as the representative of the new England Bar. He spoke briefly, concluding as follows: "A certain distinguished gentleman of this city, named—no, I will call no names—has undertaken to say when it shall be allowed to me to speak. I have not his permission to address you to-night, and so I must refrain from making a speech, though I may offer you a toast. I give you:

"*Chloroform*—As an agent for the repression of free speech; at least preferable to gutta percha canes. Let a bottle and sponge be prepared for the use of Congress."

This retort on Mr. Winthrop's wish to chloroform the processes of Harvard College, was received with long and loud applause.

Governor Hoppin then answered to a toast to Rhode Island, and Ex-Governor Morrill to one in honour of Maine.

A sentiment to the Clergy concluded the list of toasts, and the vast assemblage dispersed after 11 o'clock.

Many letters from distinguished gentlemen were received. Josiah Quincy, Sen., wrote as follows:

Gentlemen: It would give me great pleasure to unite in the tribute to Mr. Burlingame as well deserved and honourably earned, and though I heartily rejoice with you that our Commonwealth has escaped the disgrace, which his non-election would have brought upon it—yet at my time of life I am unwilling to incur the excitement and exposure an evening banquet might induce.

With great respect, I am, gentlemen, your obliged servant,

Josiah Quincy.

John G. Palfrey wrote: "I returned from Europe some weeks earlier than I should otherwise have done, in order to vote, and if opportunity should be afforded to speak, for the election of Mr. Fremont and Mr. Burlingame. If one hope is defeated, it is gratifying in the highest degree to see the accomplishment of the other."

A FREMONT VOTER DRIVEN FROM VIRGINIA.

From The New Haven Palladium, Nov. 18.

Messrs. Editors: As various and somewhat incorrect reports are in circulation respecting what occurred at Norfolk, Virginia, in consequence of my vote in that city at the late Presidential election, I desire to make a correct statement of facts.

I formerly resided at Fair Haven, where my family are now, and ever have been, but having myself been engaged for several years past in the commission business in Norfolk, and having paid taxes there, and to the best of my abilities discharged my duties as a citizen of that place, I have considered it my residence—and in the Spring of 1855, I offered to vote at their election, when, upon a full statement of my case to the proper authority, and with their knowledge that my family were here, it was decided that I was entitled to vote there, and I did so.

I have never in any way meddled with the subject of slavery—having no inclination nor, as I believed, any right to do so—consequently there has been no ill-feeling towards me on that account.

Before the election, many political meetings were held in Norfolk, but I did not attend any of them, nor did I converse with any one on the subject, except on one occasion, in answer to an inquiry made by a friend, and then for a moment only. But although neither an Abolitionist or a politician, I examined the subject as a question of duty, for me as well as for every citizen of the United States, and I made up my mind that the election of Fremont would be best for all sections of the country, and determined to vote for him—not dreaming that, under our Republican Government and in the Democratic State of Virginia, any one would question my right to do so.

On the day of election, I heard one gentleman ask another at the Post-Office who he should vote for, and he replied, "for John C. Fremont"—and the other said he should do so too. They may not have been in earnest, but I then supposed they were, and I had no reason to doubt that others would vote the same way; and in the afternoon I wrote a vote for Fremont and Dayton, and went to the place of voting. My right to vote was again examined, and on a statement of my case it was admitted, and I then, as the rules require, wrote my name on the back of my vote, and handed it to the Inspector, who, as is customary, read aloud first name, and then the names of my candidates. As soon as he declared that I voted for John C. Fremont, a large number of voices from the crowd shouted "hang him," "hang him," and the Inspector handed me my vote and said, "There is no such ticket voted here—we cannot receive this." I replied, "Very well," and took my vote again. Some threats, which in the confusion which took place I did not distinctly understand, were made by those standing near me, and the presiding officer exclaimed, "Don't touch this man," and then said to two persons who were, I presume, policemen, "take him away from the polls."

The officers seized hold of me and hurried me through the crowd, and then left me, and I proceeded through a violent storm of wind and rain to my boarding-house and from thence to my store. I afterwards returned to the house, and when at the supper-table I heard persons speak of the vote which had been offered at the polls for Fremont, those who spoke of it not knowing by whom the vote was offered, and therefore speaking freely of it in my presence. From what I saw and heard at the polls, and what was said at the table, I was apprehensive that I had misunderstood my right as an American citizen, and that I had, though unconsciously, so offended public sentiment by my vote as to be in danger of popular violence, and I therefore went from the table to my room, and locked the door.

Soon after I heard some one inquire for me, and the landlady sent a servant to my door to say that a gentleman wished to see me. On learning that he was alone, I invited him to my room, and he said that he came by request of another person (whom he named) to ask me if I had offered to vote for Fremont. I replied, "Yes." He then inquired, "What was your motive?" And I told him that I conscientiously believed it my duty to do so. He then said, "I am requested to advise you not to appear in the street to-night," and I replied that I should not go out of the house. He retired, but soon after returned, and said, "Mr. F. wishes to see you at the door." I told him that I should not leave my room that night, but if Mr. F. wished to see me, he might come to my room. He then left me, and another person came to my door, and informed me that Mr. F. was not at the front door, but that several men, whom he named, were there; and I knew those men to be some of the most desperate characters in Norfolk.

This was in the evening, and by the city lamps I could see from my window a collection of persons in the street, whose number increased till late in the night, and I heard their threats of violence to my person and destruction to my property. Towards morning a fire occurred, and an engine passed near by, which drew after it a portion of those around the house, and attracted for a time the attention of others, and I took the opportunity to leave the house unobserved and went to a place of concealment. While in my hiding-place some friends took pains to ascertain whether it was prudent for me to appear again in public, and they found such a state of excitement and exasperation existing in consequence of my vote, that my life would be in danger if I was discovered. They also found that the customary routes of travel to the North were closely watched, although many believed that I had already left the city.

Early in the morning of the second day after my unfortunate vote, I escaped from the city by an unusual route, and in disguise, and made my way to my family; and I hope now, that when the excitement has passed, I may safely return to Norfolk, at least to remain till I can settle up my affairs in that place.

Timothy Stannard.

Fair Haven, Nov. 17th, 1856.

SLAVERY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 1, 1856.

I find everything here quite new to me. Slavery exists here in its worst form. This morning I visited the work-house, where a young, delicate female slave, not over 17 years, *nearly white*, had been whipped till the blood ran down to her heels: then her bleeding back was bathed in brine, and she sent back to her mistress to resume her duties as a house-servant.

In passing up from the Exchange, and in sight of the Episcopal Church, I met one of those vile slave-traders, with a look on his brazen face as plainly meaning "infernal" as if it had been written on his forehead in letters of fire, holding a conference with a clergyman about the purchase of the parson's slaves. Upon inquiry, I found the "divine" had a mother and three children, and his wish was to sell one of the children, a fine little girl, about eight years old, to this monster, who had taken a fancy to the mother, and would only buy the child upon condition that the mother should be included in the bargain. How they settled, I could not ascertain, but it appeared very evident that, bad as the slave-trader appeared to my Northern eyes, he was a good man compared with the "parson."

Who can realize the sight of this slave-mother in the parson's kitchen, as she beheld her holy master bringing in this slave monster to feel of her limbs, look at her teeth, and ask her every indelicate question in the presence of her own children, and there stand with the parson and bargain for *her* and for *one* of her children. Look at this mother, with her three screaming children hanging upon her, and she with her eyes turned up to Heaven and saying, *Is there a God?*

If you don't find this letter too radical for your paper, I will give you some account of a pious planter, who rode to church in his carriage, and, in order to secure his coachman while he was performing his devotions, took a chain from his carriage, locked one end around the neck of his slave and the other end to his carriage-wheel.

Last Sunday afternoon, I saw a slave woman, *almost white*, with features the most delicate, with an iron band around her neck, from which one long iron prong turned up, and another down, so that she could only move or turn her head, in the most measured step, without these prongs tearing her flesh and bringing blood. This poor creature was looking *at the church*, and what is more melancholy, refined ladies passed her without being moved at the brutal sight. Every slaveholding clergyman, in a moral view, actually keeps a brothel in his own house or on his plantation.

Clarkson.

KANSAS—THE HUNDRED PRISONERS.

From The Lawrence Herald of Freedom, Nov. 15.

Twenty of the one hundred Free State prisoners, under indictment for murder at Lecompton have been convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labour. The bogus statutes have made the following provisions for punishing them:

Sec. 2. Every person who may be sentenced by any court of competent jurisdiction, under any law in force within this Territory, to punishment by confinement and hard labour, *shall be deemed a convict*, and shall immediately, under the charge of the keeper of such jail or public prison, or under the charge of such person as the keeper of such jail or public prison may select, *be put to hard labour*, as in the first section of this act specified; and such keeper or other person having charge of such convict *shall cause such convict*, while engaged at such labour, to be securely confined by *a chain six feet in length, of not less than four-sixteenths nor more than three-eighths of an inch links, with a round ball of iron, of not less than four nor more than six inches in diameter, attached, which chain shall be securely fastened to the ankle of such convict with a strong lock and key*; and such keeper, or other person, having charge of such convict, may, if necessary, confine such convict, while so engaged in hard labour, by *other chains*, or other means in his discretion so as to keep such convict secure and prevent his escape; *and when there shall be two or more convicts* under the charge of such keeper, or other person, *such convicts shall be fastened together with strong chains, with strong locks and keys*, during the time such convicts shall be engaged in hard labour without the walls of any jail or prison.

And such is the mode of disposing of Free State men in Kansas. None but Pro-Slavery men are allowed to sit upon juries; and none but a Jeffreys presides—a Judge under whose instructions hotels and printing-offices are indicted as nuisances and destroyed as such, and their proprietors indicted for treason.

The following gentlemen, against whom indictments were pending, have been tried and acquitted, to wit: Jas. H. York, Howard York, Adam Bower, Thomas Bowers, Edward R. Fally, Thomas Leeson, David Potter, Jesse Pyle, John King, Wm. Butler, Chester Hay, Justice G. Ketchum, Geo. M. Neff, Alphonsas Gates, James Conley. Eight of the prisoners, after acquittal, were discharged, while the balance were held over to answer other indictments. The action of the Court in these cases, has been tyrannical in the extreme, and only becoming a slave-driver on a Southern plantation. We are yet in hopes that President Pierce will signify to Judge Lecompte that his services are no longer required on the Judicial Bench of Kansas.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

DONATIONS.

We are obliged, about once in a year, to ask for aid to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and it usually happens at this season. We hope, therefore, that the friends of the Society are looking out for such an appeal, and will be ready, now that it comes, to respond to it heartily and promptly. The Anti-Slavery cause should surely find its supporters as earnest and zealous to contribute "material aid" for its advancement as politicians are for the success of their tickets. These are pouring out their money like water; in that respect, at least, we shall be glad to see the Abolitionists in unity with the Republicans, and even with the Buchaneers.

The Treasury is exhausted; there are pledges made to the Society six months ago still unpaid; donations are needed, and will be welcome, in large sums or in small; and we appeal to everybody for help.

Address Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

The fever fit of the nation is over. The chills are hurrying back to take their turn. The quadrennial ague by which this nation is periodically shaken is past its height, and the question now is in what condition has it left the patient. Disease is said to be only the struggle of the recuperative powers of Nature to reëstablish her normal state of health. Let us see how this recurring malady stands in this regard. Is it symptomatic of a change for the better or for the worse? Is it prophetic of life or of death? The virus which was poured into the blood of the nation by a fatal inoculation at the hour of its birth has again overcome the healthy efforts of Nature to resist it and the Black Plague of Slavery still revels in its veins, stayed by none of the empiric methods which have been opposed to its free course. A fiercer access is inevitable, a more desperate fit impends, and we are yet to see whether the Nation has vital force enough to stand up against it, or whether it is destined to have its whole heart sick and its whole heart faint unto death.

Leaving metaphors and parables behind, how stands the Nation after the great strife which has just ended? Slavery has again vindicated her supremacy, and placed a man of her sanctioning, if not of her choice, as her viceroy over us. James Buchanan is to be the next President of the United States, if he live to the next Fourth of March—a man all whose later public life has been but one succession of prostrations at the feet of the Slave Power. Slavery will have both houses of Congress, she will sit enthroned in the National Palace, she will hold the sword of the National army in one hand and the key of the National treasure-house in the other. By those signs she will go on conquering unto conquer. What she cannot buy she will carve. Profuse of innocent blood and of other men's money, she will have no limit to her power but her desires. We shall soon know whether there are any bounds to these, or whether they are, like the sea, ever hungry and ever insatiable. Kansas is hers already. If she want Nebraska, too, what is to hinder her from devouring that virgin tribute also? The Pirate Walker has made a fit opening for her inroads into Central America. Nothing but her native cowardice and her fear of encountering any enemies but those weaker than herself, will hinder her from laying her hands upon Cuba. The North has no power to stay them. France and England only can deter her larcerous fingers from closing on that chiefest object of her greed. She will be absolute and despotic as far as the complete control of all the machinery of government is concerned. Wherein, then, if any there be, lies the hope of better days and better government?

We Abolitionists, who have stood aside from this contest, and have refused to recognise the Republican party as the authentic harbinger of a better time coming, have been reproached for this refusal, as if we had hindered some great good. But what should we have gained had we united with the shouting masses who said, generally in good faith too, that the election of Fremont over Buchanan would be a great triumph of Freedom? Supposing that we had been many enough to have turned the scale and to have made his triumph sure, should we have stood better for the accomplishment of our ends than we do now? The utmost that Fremont could have done, had he been elected, would have been to interpose his Veto against the admission of Kansas as a Slave State. With a majority of the Senate against him, he could have appointed no Governor or Judge of that Territory that was not acceptable to Slavery. Had the conflict come to extremities, the Slave Power could have put a stop to the Government by the stopping of the supplies, and he would have had to choose between compromise and revolution. That the Slaveholders would be capable of applying this form of question to him, who can doubt? And who can say that he would have the force of character (allowing him to have the prudence of Washington and the nerve of Jackson) to have withstood it?

We do not believe, then, that if Colonel Fremont had been chosen he could have done the very single thing it was proposed that he should do. The admission of Kansas as a Free State, or rather her exclusion as a slave State, was the only point on which the election turned, and in withstanding that crime he would have performed every pledge he had made. If we are to believe the promises which Mr. Speaker Banks made to the merchants of this city, in case Colonel Fremont was elected there was to be no more Anti-Slavery Agitation, Slave States from the Southern side of the line of Missouri Compromise were to be admitted without opposition, and the entire energies of the Republican party were to be applied to the opening of the Railway to the Pacific and the swelling of the golden flood of Commercial prosperity. Now we do not say that Mr. Banks spoke authentically for Colonel Fremont, or that the aspirations of the Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains were actually bounded by such Wall Street limits. We hope that he at least sighed for a better world to conquer than this. But we do think that Mr. Banks spoke the words of truth and soberness on the steps of the Exchange. He told what he knew to be the inevitable future of the Republican party, and pointed out the bounds beyond it which it could not possibly pass. Now, those are limits with which the Abolitionists are not contented, and they therefore declined taking part in a contest which must, at best, confine them there. The issue presented was not one that we thought worth our joining, and we think the end will justify our wisdom.

We do not believe that the objects which we have at heart—the deliverance of the slave and not our own, primarily, from the slavemaster—can be promoted by any half-measures of a temporizing policy. We do not believe that even the palliatives proposed by the Republican leaders can be secured, by any measures within the Constitution. As long as Slavery is tolerated as an integral element of the Government it must and will rule, and its extension is only a condition of its existence. The only check the North can give to Slavery is to withdraw the countenance which her Religion, and the protection which her strength, affords it. A True Commonwealth, with no taint of Slaveholding compromise upon its garments, standing erect and fearless facing the bloody anarchy which would baptize its weakness and its crime by the name of a slaveholding Republic, would be a presence which Slavery could not long endure. The only augury of hope which we draw from the doings of the past year, is from the changing flight of men's thoughts and passions and the bolder wing they spread. The people have been better than their leaders, and the speakers have been stronger than their platform. The agitation, in spite of politicians, has been an Anti-Slavery one. The crime of extending Slavery has had to be deduced from the antecedent and yet greater crime of Slavery itself. An amount of information as to the nature and necessary incidents of Slavery has been spread abroad such as could have been scattered or received under no other circumstances. The mind of the North was never so well Abolitionized as it is now—not by the policy of the Republican party, but by the necessities of human nature, which dominated over that policy.

Though we cannot deny that we should have snatched a fearful joy had the election of Fremont dislodged the pro-slavery ravens from the national carcase on which they are fattening, still it would be with the sure belief that those that replaced them would not soon become as greedy and as little dainty as themselves. If there be any depth of Anti-Slavery feeling in the members of the Republican party, it will be strengthened and organized under the shadow of Buchanan's administration, as it could never have been in the broad light, or the chequered shade, of Fremont's success. Whatever hope remains to the country lies in the full comprehension of the nature of Slavery and of the way in which it always has and always must govern us, and a settled resolution that this shall not be so forever, at whatever cost of cherished names and forms. Both of these conditions of a better futurity have been greatly promoted by the agitations of the past year—very much beyond what is seen on the surface. To help to extend this intelligence, to keep alive these passions, and to excite still more this spirit of resistance is the business of the Anti-Slavery Movement, which the American Anti-Slavery Society represents. We think we have done well up to this point in what we have done and what we have foreborne to do, and we have faith that we shall do better as the history of the country proceeds in gloom or in light. At any rate, we will try.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Dr. Cheever has preached against slavery. Very well. We have now to inquire whether any part of his clerical function is administered in a manner antagonistic to this, and so as to give aid and comfort to slavery.

As a minister of the orthodox Congregational Church, Dr. Cheever is in full communion with Drs. Blagden and South-side Adams of Boston, and his church with their churches. This fact, independently of all specific acts of clerical fraternity, is an admission that those men are ministers *of the Gospel*, ministers *of Christ*, and that their churches are churches *of Christ*. Those men have systematically, spontaneously and heartily entered the lists in defence of slavery, against all who are disposed to destroy or to restrain it—and Dr. Cheever calls them Christians. They pledge their clerical character, their reputation for piety, their Church, their Bible and their God in the support of slavery as now carried on in the United States—and Dr. Cheever admits them to be ministers *of the Gospel*. They systematically train their Churches to disregard, and utterly to ignore, both the wrongs done *to* the slave and the injustice practised *by* the master—and Dr. Cheever calls them Christian ministers. They leave out the case of the slave from such petitions for God's blessing and aid as they officially make; and when requested to include it in their public prayers, they refuse—and Dr. Cheever calls them ministers of Christ. They fraternize with slaveholders, commune with them, and take pains to represent them as eminent in piety and excellence, not only in other features of character, but in the holding, buying and selling of slaves—and Dr. Cheever calls them not only Christians, but sound and satisfactory *teachers* of Christianity. They represent those who oppose slavery as, by that very act, doing an irreligious and unchristian work, fighting against God, contradicting His Word, opposing His Son, and grieving His Spirit—and Dr. Cheever calls them preachers *of the Gospel*. In short, they systematically claim as authenticators and defenders of slavery the same God, Christ, Holy Ghost, Bible, Church, creed and worship in whose service Dr. Cheever is engaged—and yet he calls them Evangelical ministers!

Now it is very obvious that Dr. Cheever's pulpit relations with the people who have just listened to this series of sermons, and his clerical relations with those "dear brethren in Christ," Drs. Blagden and Adams, neutralize and eat up each other. But what do Drs. Blagden and Adams care for that? The one thing needful to them is to be publicly and officially recognised as Christians and Christian ministers. They don't care whether brother Cheever's private opinions upon miscellaneous and indifferent matters agree with theirs or not. Having the greater authentication, they can spare the less. Being recognised as regenerate, elect, adopted, justified and sanctified—still more, being recognised as competent teachers, as well as sound professors, of Christianity, true ministers of the Gospel, they can very well afford to be charged with error in some minor matters; "to err is human," they may say; "we make no pretensions to infallibility"; nay, they probably act magnanimously towards brother Cheever, and vouch for his Christian character as fully as he does for theirs; "his language is sometimes harsh, and his prejudices on some points strong," they may say—"but brother Cheever means well—and however his private opinions may differ from ours, he is as sound and as faithful in the ministry of the Gospel as any of us, North or South." In short, so long as Dr. Cheever certifies before the world to their true brotherhood in the Christian Church and the Christian ministry, so long as he concedes that their pro-slavery position does not prejudice their claim to be children of God, heirs of Heaven and ministers of Christ, so long they will keep up the farce of vouching for *his* Christian character in turn, and bearing with the sweetest patience his unfavourable opinion of them in some minor matters.

The school-committee of a New England town once engaged a teacher for a year, with the written agreement that he should have a specified sum, and, if he gave entire satisfaction, two hundred dollars more. His administration was so far from satisfactory that they not only refused the gratuity, but declined to reëngage him on any terms. His importunity, however, prevailed with them to aid him in obtaining employment elsewhere by giving him a certificate that they had found him an able and faithful teacher. As soon as this was obtained, he demanded the gratuity, which they found it necessary to pay, rather than maintain a legal contest in which their own certificates would prove the justice of their opponent's claim.

In like manner, the distinct admission, which runs through all Dr. Cheever's relations to the clergy and the Church, that parsons Blagden and Adams are *Christian ministers*, is sufficient to neutralize all the brave words against slavery which he has recently begun to speak to his congregation. Those of his hearers who are accustomed to "put that and that together" will probably conclude that they need not trouble themselves much to oppose a system which is not too bad for the Church of Christ on earth, and the kingdom of God in Heaven.

When the Rev. George B. Cheever commenced his clerical career in Salem, Mass., in 1833 or thereabouts, as minister of the small and despised "Howard street Church" (despised, not by "the world" only, but by the more popular and prosperous Churches of the same faith in that aristocratic place), there seemed small probability that he would ever attain, still less seek, the distinction designated by *D.D.* He entered vigorously into the work of reform, and gave a fair and full trial to the experiment (which no other Salem clergyman had even dreamed of at that time, and which very few have attempted since) of vigorous denunciation of popular sins—especially of intemperance and slavery. His preaching, apostolic in fervour and faithfulness, was followed by such testimonials of its efficacy as attended the labours of the first apostles. His hearers were pricked to the heart, convicted of sin, forced, against their will, to cry out and bear testimony to the truth of his words. He was reviled, defamed, scorned, prosecuted for libel, imprisoned in the common jail, beaten in the open street; and his clerical brethren turned their faces from him, and passed by on the other side. He manfully held this position for several years, despised and rejected of men, but apparently "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," and then—left that church, and disappeared from that position. In the eighteen or twenty intervening years, he seems, in regard to unpopular reforms, to have maintained the quietude customary with Doctors of Divinity. What are we to infer from the sudden, vigorous and repeated uplifting of his voice in the series of sermons upon one of which we have been remarking? Has slavery ceased to be popular? Alas, not yet, for he yet protects it in its main citadel, the Church. Does he judge, from the signs of the times, that the reign of Anti-Slavery is approaching, and that those must hasten who would salute the rising sun? Pray Heaven it be so. Brethren, work on, work ever. Persevere unflinchingly in your labours to break every yoke, though more and worse discouragements should intervene. But when, from the high tower where Dr. Cheever watches, and indicates, the signs of the times, you shall see him turning, turning, further and further North, and then resting, in fixed and diametric opposition to a pro-slavery Church and clergy, then rejoice and take courage; the wind has come round to the right quarter; the redemption of the slave draweth nigh.

A BLACK MAN'S APPRECIATION OF LIBERTY.

> "Better to sit in freedom's hall,
> With a cold, damp floor and mouldering wall,
> Than to bow the neck, or bend the knee,
> In the proudest palace of slavery."

The *Evening Mirror*, in its issue of Nov. 17th, replying to an interrogatory of the *Sunday Courier*, uttered itself as follows:

"We repeat, for the thousandth time, our sincere belief, that, under a humane master, the negroes of the South are in a better condition, body and soul, than their free (to starve) brethren in the North. The African is an inferiour race; ten thousand years, perhaps, behind the Saxon in moral and intellectual development. Here and there an exception only proves the general rule; and for ages to come, the white and black races cannot live together in the same house, or in the same community, on terms of equality. The inferior race must be treated as a minor and a servant of the superior. This is history, it is fact; and it may also be regarded as prophecy. And hence the *Mirror* 'goes against abolition,' as it goes against everything else so utterly impracticable as the social and political equality of 'white folks and niggers.'

"We have an illustration of 'Free niggerism' before us, in the presence of a venerable 'coloured gentleman,' who has the general charge of the most disagreeable 'offices' about the *Mirror* building. Old Moses, as the boys call him (or 'Moses in Egypt,' on account of his intense darkness, indicating the purity of his African blood), is now about seventy years of age, and so lame that he can scarcely hobble about. He was formerly a slave in Virginia; and, as he now regrets, purchased his 'liberty' in order to taste the sweets of coloured Freedom in the cold paradise of the North. He has worked hard for some thirty years at all sorts of menial employment; and yet half a week's sickness throws him upon the charities of the tenants of the building, whose fires he makes and whose sinks he cleans. We never see the poor old fellow, with his one leg and a half, climbing up six pair of stairs with a basket of coal on his back and a pail of water in his hand, without thinking that the proper music for such a tragic *opera* as Moses is performing, would be the sad refrain:

> 'O carry me back to old Virginia,

and near as he now must be to his 'life's last mile-stone,' we have no doubt but this disillusionized 'free nigger' would gladly compromise for a still shorter term of existence if he could return to the plantation home and paternal care of his 'young massa,' where he might be sure of all the decent comforts of life, until summoned to follow Christy's lyric saint to—

> 'The place where the good niggers go.'"

Moses Leech, the poor but honest old man thus selected by the *Mirror* to illustrate the unfitness of the coloured race for freedom, was naturally indignant at this use of his name and his misfortunes. He assured the editor that, in spite of his poverty and lameness, he loved his freedom as he did his life, and that he would not exchange his situation for that of the happiest slave that ever wore a chain. He respectfully asked the editor to contradict the statement (which he deemed a direct impeachment of his common sense and an insult to his manhood), that he "would gladly compromise for a still shorter term of existence if he could return to the plantation home and paternal care of his 'young massa.'" Mr. Fuller having contemptuously refused to perform this act of simple justice, the old man sent a letter to the *Sunday Courier*, which we are allowed to copy in advance of its appearance in that journal, as follows:

To the Editor of The [*Sunday*] *Courier.*

Sir: In the *Evening Mirror* of this city, three days since, the editor, in commenting on an article of yours, takes occasion to refer to me in a most unjustifiable manner, for the purposes of his argument. He represents me as one willing to go back into slavery, as a man thoroughly dissatisfied with freedom, and, by inference, as a traitor to my race, and a deliberate falsifier. He also alludes to my appearance, my age, and my misfortunes, in language wholly unfit for any person who respects age honestly worn, or imperfections sent by the hand of the Almighty. To reply to his attack I appeal for a hearing to you. To repel his calumnies I ask space in the same journal which evoked them.

In the first place, Mr. Fuller asserts that I would willingly go back to slavery. This, sir, and I say it without the least regret, is A LIE! I have never so expressed myself; I have never believed secretly that I was better at the South than at the North. If the feelings of a father were allowed to have their way, I might naturally wish for a Southern home. *There* two children of mine (doomed from their birth, and pre-doomed before they were born, to slavery) grow up to a miserable mimicry of manhood. *There* they feel that they are not what they ought to be and that they never will be what they might. *There* they learn by bitter experience that their free father committed a crime before God and man when he lent himself to beget them. *There*, too, I should be to console them, to teach them, to palliate my one great crime by little tendernesses, if my feelings were allowed by my better judgment to run into action. But, no, sir. I must live free; and to live, I must work where I am; for if I had the wish to go from this spot three miles, I could not find means to do it, without fasting for days to raise the passage money! Mr. Fuller, then, has told a lie of me; he heard from myself often the contrary of what he stated; and in spite of all, he meanly volunteered to turn my little stock of character into literary merchandise for his own benefit, even at the risk of having its crippled owner shout after him, as he now does, "Stop, thief!" So much for his lying; now for his minor offence of want of breeding.

Slave as I was, *I* never felt at liberty to raise a laugh at the expense of the poor or the maimed. *Freeman* as Mr. Fuller is, he has done so. What have *my* maimed limbs to do with *his* argument? What has *my* poverty (which, thank Heaven, has not yet forced me to appear in any court as a criminal) to do with *his* newspaper necessities? God willed that I should be brought into the world as I am; He wills I should live in it as I do; I'm satisfied with God; why is not Mr. Fuller? But waiving my rights to decent notice, if any—such rights as true Christianity always willingly concedes to the poor and unfortunate—I might have expected gratitude, if not breeding, from Mr. Fuller! Aye, sir, black as I am, if *he* did for me what *I* did for him, *I* would be grateful! Does he forget I stood between him and the law?—that when a Sheriff was at his door, I was there also, but for a better purpose?—that, by saying a word or remaining indifferent even to his interests, I might have seen him without the type upon which he since belied me? Do you, Mr. Fuller? or is your memory as treacherous as your veracity is scanty?

Mr. Fuller pities my condition, in his article. Benevolent man that he is, he thinks I receive little money for my work and would willingly go South to recruit my finances. Aye! indeed! so says Mr. Fuller. Strange that this philanthropist should himself be one of those who undervalue and underpay free labour! I do work for him which would earn for me six shillings a week from any other of my employers, and how much do you think he gives me for it? How much, Mr. Fuller? *two* shillings, is it not? Yes, this man who mourns over me so much, *he* gives me two shillings for six shillings worth, according to the low value of Northern labour. If he were as economical of falsehoods as he is of money, I would not be called upon to confess how poor I am or to tell how great a liar he is.

Yours, very respectfully,

Moses Leech (Coloured).

The *New York Tribune* revives an anecdote which the elder portion of the Abolitionists will remember to have heard twenty years ago.

"A Northern member of Congress said to Henry A. Wise: 'How does it happen that you Southern gentlemen are so much enraged at what the Abolitionists say about you? How can their abuse affect you? Why not pass it over in silent contempt?' 'Ah!' replied Wise, shrugging his shoulders, 'I'll tell you why it is. *It's because what they say is so d—d true!*'"

It was not a northern member of Congress, however, who interrogated Wise, but the notorious B. F. Hallett, of Boston, who was then an avowed anti-slavery man. Hallett told the story himself.

WALKER'S PLOTS UNVEILED.

A writer in *The Times*, who appears to be well posted in Nicaraguan affairs, charges Gen. Walker, the fillibustering hero of Central America, whose exploits just now occupy so much space in the public journals, with betraying and murdering in cold blood Don Mariano Salazar, the man who, trusting in his honour, had first invited him to the country, and then steadily befriended him and sacrificed large sums of money to promote his plans. Walker, it would seem, got himself elected President of Nicaragua by means similar to those which have been so successfully employed by the Border Ruffians in Kansas, and having trampled the Constitution under his feet and assumed the powers of a Dictator, he deliberately took the life of his friend, who had too much patriotism and conscience to sanction his treacherous schemes. What reliance is to be placed in this story it is not for us to say; but there can be no room for doubt that Walker has been, from the start, the agent of the ever busy and unscrupulous leaders of the Slave Power, whose purpose was and is to gain a foothold in Nicaragua and make it the basis of a fillibustering assault upon Cuba. Gen. Goicouria, a Cuban patriot, anxious to secure the annexation of the island to the United States, united his efforts with those of Walker, under a written contract, as follows:

Gen. William Walker, Commander-in-Chief of the army of Nicaragua, is willing to form the following agreement with Capt. F. A. Laine, appointed agent of Sr. Domingo de Goicouria, sole holder and depository of the goods and chattels belonging to the cause of Cuba, consisting in money, a vessel and munitions of war.

Firstly, Gen. William Walker pledges his word of honour that he will assist and coöperate with his person and with his various resources, such as men and others, in the cause of Cuba, and in favour of her liberty, after having consolidated the peace and Government of the Republic of Nicaragua.

Secondly, Gen. William Walker proposes and admits the understanding that the material and pecuniary resources of Nicaragua, as well as those which are in the possession of the revolutionary party of Cuba, shall be amalgamated together, making common cause together for the purpose of overthrowing the Spanish tyranny in the island, and of insuring the prosperity of Central America, identifying thereby the interests of both countries.

Thirdly, Gen. Walker requires a full exposition, manifestation and explanation of the resources belonging to the cause of Cuba, as likewise a detailed statement and list of the military and maritime forces, as well as the remaining resources of the Spanish Government in the island of Cuba.

Fourthly, Capt. F. A. Laine, having taken into consideration the contents of the three foregoing articles, agrees to and accepts the contents of the said three articles only as a preamble of a contract to be made upon more solid basis, by the parties interested; and therefore binds himself by his word of honour to keep this agreement until he shall have fuller powers for its final arrangement. And, having drawn out two papers of the same tenor, in corroboration of this, we affix our signatures, in the Independent State and Republic of Nicaragua, this day, Jan. 11, 1856.

Wm. Walker.

Signed, F. A. Laine.

Gen. Goicouria afterwards went to Nicaragua, where he shared the labours, and the confidence of Walker, by whom he was appointed Minister of the new Government of Nicaragua to England. He came to New Orleans, where he waited for his credentials, which arrived in the latter part of August, accompanied by a letter from Walker, of which the following is an extract:

"With your versatility, and, if I may use the term, adaptability, I expect much to be done in England. You can do more than any American could possibly accomplish, because you can make the British Cabinet see that *we are not engaged in any scheme for annexation. You can make them see that the only way to cut the expanding and expansive Democracy of the North, is by a powerful and compact Southern Federation, based on military principles.* . . . . . It is needless for me to impress you with the importance of this mission, for you no doubt feel it as deeply as I do. . . . Tell ——— he must send me the news, and let me know whether 'Cuba must and shall be free'—but not for the Yankees. Oh, no! that fine country is not fit for those barbarous Yankees! What would such a Psalm-singing set do in the Island?"

Gen. Goicouria, it seems, had been kept in ignorance, up to this time, of Walker's intention to promote the scheme of the Southern Disunionists for breaking up the Union and organizing a Southern Slaveholding Confederacy. This letter opened his eyes, and he now comes out in the public journals in denunciation of Walker. In a letter to *The Times* he says:

"This letter put a new face on matters altogether. It revealed to me for the first time Mr. Walker's hostility to the Democratic principles of America, and his design to establish a Southern despotism as a counterbalance to the United States. It entered into no part of my plans to forward any such scheme as this, and I very plainly perceived that Mr. Walker gave me credit for an adaptability which I do not possess. It was evident that the annexation of Cuba to the United States was very far from Mr. Walker's ideas. It cannot be considered wonderful that I paused and did not instantly start for England.

"The next step taken by Walker was to revive slavery in Nicaragua, and that I heard of in October. This went still further to dissatisfy me. It is quite unnecessary for me to deny the charge of any pseudo-philanthrophy in regard to the black; but the revival of slavery at this particular crisis of Mr. Walker's affairs seems to my mind preposterously stupid."

This quarrel of Gen. Goicouria with Gen. Walker, whatever may be its merits in other respects, has at least served to unmask to the world the purposes for which the revolutionary movements in Nicaragua were undertaken; and the revelation confirms to the very letter the suspicions which have been entertained by the Abolitionists from the first moment that they heard of Walker's arrival in that ill-fated country.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE AT LONGWOOD, PENNSYLVANIA.

Pursuant to notice, an Anti-Slavery Conference was held in Longwood meeting-house, near Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., on Sunday, November 23d. At the appointed hour a numerous audience assembled. The meeting was opened with an address from Lucretia Mott, in which she urged the duty of self-examination so that we might all see how far we are faithful to the claim which the slave has upon us. Anti-Slavery does not consist in attending meetings, and in enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse afforded on such occasions, nor in listening to the words of eloquent speakers; but it is an earnest, everyday work, making us unceasing in our exertions, untiring in our perseverance, until the victory is won. The speaker desired that all the great issues involved in the agitation of this question of slavery should be placed with boldness and clearness before the minds of the people. She thought there was too much timidity evinced by many Abolitionists in meeting the question of "No Union with Slaveholders," and hoped that the present favourable opportunity would be seized for the purpose of placing before the people the exact relations they bear toward slavery, while consenting to the Constitution and the Union.

After Mrs. Mott had concluded, Thomas Whitson moved that the meeting be permanently organized by appointing James Mott as President and Reuben Tomlinson and ——— Jackson as Secretaries. Carried. J. M. McKim then proceeded to state the purpose for which this meeting was called together. Its object was to adopt some concerted method of action, by which anti-slavery truth may be circulated among the people of this State. If we would reach the people we must go among them with the printed document or the spoken word. Led off and infatuated as many of them have been during the recent election, by false issues, and low, and unmanly appeals to vulgar prejudices, they are yet in a teachable condition. We have only to determine that they shall be taught, and, carrying that determination into effect with unflinching zeal, we shall meet with entire success.

Thomas Whitson moved, in order to bring the subject fairly before the meeting, the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That we will hold fifty meetings in the Counties of Chester and Lancaster, as well as other convenient places, between this time and the 1st of April next.

Pending the adoption of this resolution, an interesting discussion ensued, which was participated in by William Barnard, Thomas Worrell, Lucretia Mott, J. M. McKim, Thomas Whitson, J. Jackson, Jacob Stern, Eusebius Barnard and others. A want of time and space forbids a report of this discussion; but it is sufficient to say that the points at issue were the character which should be given to the contemplated meetings and the method which should be adopted for conducting them. The result was a satisfactory understanding on the part of the Conference, and the unanimous adoption of the resolution.

The following persons were appointed a Committee of Arrangements, to carry the above resolution into effect. J. M. McKim, Thos. Worrell, John Jackson, Abner Haines, Mary C. Wilson, Thomas Whitson, Anna Pusey, Thomas Garrett, Allen Agnew, James Jackson, Thomas Hambleton, Esther Hayes.

This Committee was also instructed to use their best efforts for the circulation of documents, as much as possible, among those who have hitherto been out of the reach of anti-slavery publications. After a brief intermission the meeting reässembled for the purpose of listening to an address from Miss Frances Ellen Watkins, of Baltimore, a young lady of colour who is now lecturing in Pennsylvania. She possesses a fine poetic fancy, and a wealth of language, while all she says is marked with an earnestness of feeling which fully attests that her interest in the anti-slavery cause is not the result of argument only, but that it springs from her identification with the oppressed and outraged slave.

At the conclusion of her address, the Committee on Meetings announced several to be held in different neighbourhoods, during the present and coming week.

Adjourned.

For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LINES.

At the portals of the future,
Full of madness, guilt and gloom,
Stood the hateful form of Slavery,
Crying, Give, Oh! give me room—
Room to smite the earth with cursing,
Room to scatter, "rend" and slay,
From the trembling mother's bosom
Room to tear her child away;
Room to trample on the manhood
Of the country far and wide;
Room to spread o'er every Eden
Slavery's scorching lava-tide.
Pale and trembling stood the Future,
Quailing 'neath his frown of hate,
As he grasped with bloody clutches
The great keys of Doom and Fate.
In his hand he held a banner
All festooned with blood and tears:
'Twas a fearful ensign, woven
With the grief and wrong of years.
On his brow he wore a helmet
Decked with strange and cruel art;
Every jewel was a life-drop
Wrung from some poor broken heart.
Though her cheek was pale and anxious,
Yet, with look and bow sublime,
By the pale and trembling Future
Stood the Crisis of our time.
And from many a throbbing bosom
Came the words in fear and gloom,
Tell us, Oh! thou coming Crisis,
What shall be our country's doom?
Shall the wings of dark destruction
Brood and hover o'er our land,
Till we trace the steps of ruin,
By their blight, from strand to strand?
With a look and voice prophetic
Spake the solemn Crisis then:
I have only mapped the future
For the erring sons of men.
If ye strive for Truth and Justice,
If ye battle for the Right,
Ye shall lay your hands all strengthened
On God's robe of love and light;
But if ye trample on His children,
To His ear will float each groan,
Jar the cords that bind them to Him,
And they'll vibrate at his throne.
And the land that forges fetters,
Binds the weak and poor in chains,
Must in blood or tears of sorrow
Wash away her guilty stains.

Frances E. Watkins.

The Seventh National Woman's Rights Convention was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, in this city, on Tuesday and Wednesday last. The weather on the first day was unpropitious, but this circumstance did not prevent the attendance of a large and highly intelligent assembly. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Martha C. Wright, of Auburn, President of the Convention held last year in Cincinnati, when the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. Lucy Stone, of New York.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Lucretia Mott, of Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, of Ohio; Mr. T. W. Higginson, of Mass.; Mrs. Cornelia Moore, of N. J.; Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, of N. H.; Mrs. Sarah H. Hallock, of New York; and Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, of Kansas.

Secretaries—Mrs. Martha C. Wright, of New York; Mr. Oliver Johnson, of this city, and Mrs. Henrietta W. Johnson, of New Jersey.

Business Committee—Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Mr. Wendell Phillips, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mr. T. W. Higginson, Mr. James Mott, Mrs. M. A. W. Johnson and Mr. William Green, Jr.

Treasurer—Mr. Wendell Phillips.

Finance Committee—Miss Susan B. Anthony.

Mrs. Stone, on taking the chair, addressed the Convention at some length and in a very earnest manner, reviewing the history of the Woman's Rights Movement and drawing encouragement to future labour from past success. She was followed successively by Mrs. Mary F. Davis (wife of Andrew Jackson Davis), Lucretia Mott, T. W. Higginson and Ernestine L. Rose. In the evening, in spite of a pouring rain, nearly a thousand people assembled to listen to addresses from Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones, of Salem, Ohio, and Wendell Phillips. Mrs. Jones read a very able and lucid address, in which she unfolded the principles that underlie the movement and refuted various popular objections. Mr. Phillips spoke with the eloquence which is the never-failing charm of his public efforts.

The Convention is still in session as we send these lines to the printers.

Served Him Right.—We alluded last week to a lecture recently delivered in this city by William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, which was spiced with insulting allusions to Senator Sumner. Several influential citizens of New York—among them William Cullen Bryant—had magnanimously consented to invite him in a public letter to deliver a course of lectures here, taking for granted that he was too much of a gentleman to insult his audiences by the tone of bravado and abuse which usually pervades the Congressional speeches of the fire-eaters. His first effort revealed to his sponsors the mortifying fact that they had generously given him credit for qualities he did not possess, and the result is recorded in the following brief paragraph from *The Tribune:*

Mr. Simms's Second Lecture.—William Gilmore Simms, who has come up here to enlighten the North upon the Revolutionary history of South Carolina, was to give his second lecture on Friday night at Dr. Chapin's Church. At five minutes before eight there was an audience of three persons present; at half-past 8 there were thirteen gentlemen and four ladies on hand. Then the gas was turned off—by the sexton, and the audience went away.

We like this way of retaliating an insult. It is superior, we think, to the gutta percha method, and more honourable than any form of personal violence. We hope Mr. Simms, in whatever Northern lecture room he may present himself, may be left to the solitary contemplation of bare walls and empty seats.

P. S. Since the above was in type, we have noticed the following paragraph in the *New York Times:*

"Mr. Emerson lectured in New Haven last Friday evening. Before the lecture commenced, the President of the Institute announced that W. G. Simms, of South Carolina, who had been engaged, had just written to decline, on the ground that prejudice had preceded him, and he would not lecture to an unruly audience or to empty benches."

The Governor of North Carolina, in his message to the Legislature, lets off his indignation in view of the escape of Jane Johnson and her children from Hon. John H. Wheeler (by the aid of Passmore Williamson and others) as follows:

"I herewith transmit to you a letter and inclosures therein, addressed to me by Hon. John H. Wheeler, Minister to the Republic of Nicaragua, in relation to the forcible seizure, on or about the 18th of July, 1855, of certain slaves of his by persons in Philadelphia, while he was passing through it, on his way to New York City, from which place it was his purpose to embark for Nicaragua.

"These slaves were the domestic servants of Mr. Wheeler and family, and it was his intention to take them abroad with him as such. Their seizure and removal, violently and against the will of the owner, and under the circumstances stated, was a high-handed outrage, and is believed not to have been warranted, even in a *civil* point of view, by the laws of Pennsylvania. I have received a subsequent letter from Mr. Wheeler in which he states that he has caused an action of damages to be instituted against one of the parties to the act complained of, and he expresses the hope that this State will aid in the prosecution of it, as has been done by other States under similar circumstances.

"It is important that the question should be determined by the highest judicial authority in the country.

"I recommend the matter to your favourable consideration."

Gov. Bragg seems to have forgotten that Jane Johnson, according to her own statement under oath, so far from having been seized and removed by violence, went away voluntarily, and that whatever force was employed to take the children had the sanction of their mother, whose right to control them is recognised by the laws of Pennsylvania.

The Second Session of the XXXIVth Congress will commence on Monday next. As there is no Speaker to elect, the President's Message will probably be promptly communicated. We do not expect to publish it in full, but it will receive at our hands such notice as it may appear to require. The session closes by law on the fourth of March, and will be followed by the inauguration of President Buchanan.

Escape of a Villain.—Henrico Da Costa, indicted for fitting out the Braman for the slave trade, whose trial has been adjourned from time to time, the last postponement being till the 20th of December, escaped from custody, a few days since. The prisoner had been surrendered by his bail and incarcerated in Eldridge street Jail. He left the United States Court-room Tuesday afternoon, bound for the jail, in charge of an officer, but asked and obtained permission to stop on the way, at the St. Nicholas, where he used to board, to get some clean linen and make a change of clothing. His door was left ajar, the officer waiting outside. Nothing being heard of him, the door was opened at the expiration of fifteen minutes, but the bird had flown. The room was connected with another, which led into a back entry. No trace has been found of the fugitive as yet. It is by no means improbable that the officer was well paid for the courtesy extended to the prisoner. Public opinion on questions relating to slavery is so thoroughly corrupt in this city that it is scarcely possible to convict a man who happens to be indicted for violating the laws against the slave trade. If Da Costa had been a fugitive slave, who doubts that the officer would have held him fast?

Brown's Anti-Slavery Drama.—We copy the following paragraph from *The Liberator:*

Anti-Slavery Dramas.—The reading of anti-slavery dramas, during the coming lecturing season, bids fair to be of no inconsiderable service to the cause of freedom. Wm. Wells Brown has recited, during the past month, in several places in Plymouth County, the drama written by himself, entitled "Experience; or, How to Give a Northern Man a Backbone." So numerous are the calls, that Mr. Brown has relinquished his agency, and will devote his time to giving his lyceum lectures and the reading of his drama. Already he has more than twenty engagements to give his recitation before lyceums and independent courses. The drama cannot fail to do good, for it gives an excellent idea of the workings of the "peculiar institution," as far as it deals with it. Mr. Brown has also finished another drama, which he intends reading before the public.

We invite the attention of our friends at the West to the announcement of Mr. Brown's plans in the column of "Special Notices."

Anti-Slavery Tracts. No. 20.—Eight letters from Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson to the *New York Tribune* (in which they appeared under the signature of Worcester), being a record of his personal experience and observation during a visit to Kansas, have been issued as No. 20 of the American Anti-Slavery Society's series of Tracts. They present in a small compass (24 pp. 12 mo.) just the information that is needed to awaken in the minds of the Northern people a proper sense of the outrages that are being perpetrated in Kansas, and a resolute determination to make no farther compromises with the accursed system of which those outrages are the legitimate fruits.

Miss Frances E. Watkins (known to many of our readears as a coloured young woman of excellent character and good abilities as a public speaker) will deliver a lecture in Odd Fellows' Hall, Wilmington, Del., on Tuesday evening next. Admittance, 10 cents.

The Extracts from Southern Journals, on the first page, are too important and edifying to be overlooked by any of our readers. The hopes and the fears of the slaveholders in view of Buchanan's election are vividly portrayed.

Summary.

The papers report that there is little doubt that Wm. A. White, formerly of Watertown, Mass., who disappeared mysteriously in Milwaukee, has been murdered for his money.

Mary, a negro woman belonging to Dr. John H. Hundley, near Mooresville, Ala., gave birth on the 10th Oct. to three living infants, two white and one black.

R. W. Emerson, the essayist, of Concord, Mass., is preparing a memoir of his townsman, the late Samuel Hoar, which will appear in *Putnam's Monthly* in January.

A. F. Hoppel, conductor of the excursion train of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, who was tried on a charge of manslaughter, in causing the death by negligence of about seventy persons by a collision of trains has been acquitted.

Sharp.—The Washington *Union* predicts that Gen. Cass "will never be forgotten," and caps the climax of its satire by styling him "a *second* Cincinnatus." He is certainly very different from the first.—*Times.*

"I stand," said a western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my arm if I desert 'um!" "You stand on nothing of the kind!" said a little shoemaker in the crowd, "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

Rev. Moncure D. Conway, the clergyman who was dismissed from Washington for his peculiar mode of advocating anti-slavery opinions, has been recently preaching very acceptably to the people of Cincinnati, and on the 18th instant an invitation was extended to him to become the permanent pastor of the First Unitarian Church of that city.

Twenty Thousand Dollars for Kansas.—The Vermont Legislature adjourned on Wednesday morning, after a session of six weeks, completing as its last and crowning act the passage in both branches of the bill appropriating $20,000 to supply the suffering poor in Kansas with food and clothing. A noble example!

A slave preacher addressing his flock upon the duty of trusting in the Lord, is said to have discoursed in this wise: "Breddren, you know de Scripter say, two sparrers am sold for a farden, but de Lord he look out for 'em all. Now, if de Lord look out for de sparrers, when you can buy two of 'em for a farden, how much more will he take care of likely niggers like you, dat's wuth eight or nine hundred dollars apiece!"

Hon. Miss Murray and Kansas.—*Andover, Nov. 24, 1856.*—Mr. Editor: I have received, through Lady Byron, from Hon. Miss Murray, formerly of the Queen's household, and author of that wonderful book laudatory of American slavery, *five pounds sterling for the relief of the sufferers from oppression in Kansas*, with the same restrictions that attended Lady Byron's donation. *Fruits meet for repentance* are always acceptable.—C. E. Stowe.—*Boston Telegraph.*

The case of Capt. Chas. F. Baker, charged with being engaged in the slave trade, on the schooner C. F. A. Cole, was concluded in the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore. The entire day was occupied in the argument. The Jury on Saturday, at 8 o'clock at night, rendered a verdict of "Not guilty." The accused was discharged. He is quite a young man, well educated, and throughout the trial manifested deep emotion, on several occasions during the addresses of counsel weeping considerably.

A paper has recently been started in Washington called the *Mercury and State Rights Register*, under the auspices of a few Southern gentlemen who have contributed a sufficient sum to ensure its support for one year. It is devoted to the "peculiar institution" and the interests of the South; and I understand the revival of the slave trade, and other ridiculous notions. Its first numbers do not display much ability, and it has a sickly appearance. Being a hebdomidal paper it does not reflect much credit upon its publisher, for the paper, ink and type look very shabby.

Betting on election was, they say, carried to a fearful extent at Chicago. One of the most amusing which has come to light, was by a German, who bet his house, lot and wife and baby, that Mr. Fremont would be elected. After hearing the result, he took his deeds, wife and child, and made a tender of all in good faith. But his friend having one wife and five children, refused to increase his stock in such a way, and therefore declined to take the poor man's family and property, but gave him a piece of advice, took a drink of beer, and parted good friends.

The Why and Wherefore.—Indiana has gone stronger pro-slavery than any other Northern State. The white native citizens of Indiana over twenty years of age, who could not read and write in 1850, numbered 69,445—greater that the same class numbered in any other State, North or South, except Virginia and North Carolina, and more than double the number New York contained, with three times the population. The vote of Indiana is thus accounted for. But the future pomises well. The census from which we get the above facts shows that at the same time Indiana had 220,961 children attending school.

An Old Man.—The *Rochester Democrat* records the death of a centennarian negro, who died in Irondequoit, on the 25th ult. His name was Richard Murphy, and he had been a tenant of Hon. John Greig, of Canadaigua, for more than thirty years. His wife was a slave of Mr. Greig's father, and the husband accounted himself 80 years old when he went upon the farm, where he has since resided; consequently he must have been 110 years old at his death. He was long a ferryman at Charlotte, below Rochester, on the Genesee River. His wife some seven years ago was burned to death.

Scarcity of Clergymen in Virginia.—From an editorial in the *Central Presbyterian*, we learn that there are now thirty-five Presbyterian churches in Virginia without pastors, and a considerable number of them with large and influential congregations, able and anxious to procure the services of ministers.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Perhaps we can explain this scarcity of pastors among large and influential congregations, by mentioning the recent banishment of a clergyman from Wheeling, for not preaching the gospel "in conformity with the laws of Virginia."—*Evening Post.*

Another Negro Insurrection in Texas.—A letter to the Galveston *Civilian*, dated Victoria, Nov. 7, says:

"Another negro insurrection, as I am informed, was gotten up in Lavaca County during the early part of last week. Several white men were implicated in the affair, one of them was severely horsewhipped, and they were ordered to leave the country. Had it not fortunately been detected, it would have been the means of killing a great many persons. It was very extensive, so much so that even the negroes of Victoria and De Witt Counties were informed as regards the insurrection. The negroes had killed off all the dogs in the neighbourhood, and were preparing for a general attack."

Skeleton of a Giant Found.—A day or two since, some workmen engaged in subsoiling the grounds of Sheriff Wickham, at his vineyard in East Wheeling, came across a human skeleton. Although much decayed, there was little difficulty in identifying it, by placing the bones, which could not have belonged to others than a human body, in their original position. The impression made by the skeleton in the earth, and the skeleton itself, were measured by the Sheriff and a brother in the craft *locale*, both of whom were prepared to swear that it was *ten feet nine inches in length.* Its jaws and teeth were almost as large as those of a horse. The bones are to be seen at the Sheriff's office.—*Wheeling Times.*

Ancient Silver Coin Found.—A few days since, some workmen, in digging on the bank of the Kenduskeag stream, about two miles from the city, turned out a deposit of silver coin, amounting to about $40 in value. The coins are of the size of a ninepence and a common cent. On one side is a head, and on the other an Indian, with bow and arrows and one star. The letters on one side appear to make the word Victoria, with three letters additional. The lettering on the other side we could not decipher. The money is quite thick, and very imperfectly trimmed, having no finish upon the edge. The head and the Indian are well done. How this money came in its deposit, is of course a mystery, but it is undoubtedly old Spanish, Peruvian, or Mexican coin.—*Bangor Journal.*

Kansas.—The Lawrence *Herald of Freedom* represents the streets of that place as thronged with teams and business as very brisk. Trade with the interior had revived, and confidence to a great extent was restored. A few persons were preparing to leave the Territory in case of Buchanan's election, but the general determination was to stay and make Kansas a free State. Free State emigrants were reported to be entering the Territory at several points. At Leavenworth there were constant arrivals of Free State men, while none were leaving except a few who went back to bring out their families in the Spring.

Another Ostracism.—Rev. Mr. Conway, who, it will be recollected, had to leave his charge in Washington City on account of having exposed the wickedness of slavery in the pulpit, is now preaching at the Unitarian Church in this city. He recently wrote to his aged mother in Virginia, informing her of his intention to make her a visit. She immediately wrote him in answer, begging him not to come, stating that the news of his difficulties in Washington had reached the neighbourhood where she lived, and that there would be great danger of personal violence should he return, but that he should come as near home as he could in safety, and that she would come and meet him.—*Cincinnati Christian Herald.*

A Serious Joke.—A wealthy gentleman in Boston, whose benevolence is rather in excess of his discretion, has ordered of the American Bible Society a number of imperial quarto bibles, bound in Turkey morocco, with panel covers, each to be inclosed in a rosewood case, and presented to each of the crowned heads of the world. The books will cost about $30 a copy.

The crowned heads will be rather puzzled to know what the gift means; the Catholic crowned heads, such as King Bomba, for instance, will either throw them into the fire, or send the messengers who deliver them to the Inquisition. Since Lord Timothy Dexter made a shipment of warming pans to the West Indies, no New Englander has undertaken so novel a speculation.—*Times.*

Liberated Slaves.—*The Detroit Tribune* says, that on Friday evening, Mr. Wm. Sloan, of Kentucky, arrived in Detroit, having in charge fifteen slaves whom he is desirous of settling in some favourable location in this State or Canada. They are manumitted by the terms of the will of Thomas E. Chambers, of Spencer County, Kentucky, twenty-nine miles from Louisville, who besides giving them their freedom bestowed upon them $2,000 to provide for their settlement in the North. Of this sum $700 has been paid to purchase the aged father of the family, who was owned by another man and whom they were anxious to bring with them.

I remember to have heard a story of these days, which is suggestive. The Rev. Dr. G—— of J—— had a brother who had lived some years in France, and was familiar with the wines of that country. On a certain occasion, he dined with his clerical brother, who after dinner gave him a glass of this beverage. The visitor having tasted it, shrugged his shoulders and made very wry faces.

"Where did you get this liquor, brother?" said he.

"Why it is some that was left over from the sacrament and my deacons sent it to me."

"I don't wonder, brother," was the reply, "that your Church is so small, now that I know what wine you give them."—*Peter Parley's Recollections.*

A Thief's Devotions Disturbed.—Some six weeks since, one Sam. A. Ford, twice an inmate of the Massachusetts State Prison, broke jail at Lenox, where he was held for breaking into a store and stealing $800 worth of goods: He reached Bangor, Maine, abundantly supplied (for an escaped convict) with clothing, jewelry and money. He took obscure lodgings, sported two names, and devoted himself to ladies with remarkable facility. Affairs went on swimmingly till Sunday evening last, when the police discovered him, flanked by two ladies, at a prayer-meeting at the Methodist Church, with a hymn-book devoutly grasped in his hands. He was called from the company of his charmers, rusty iron took the place of hymn-book, and he was started for his former home in Massachusetts. The "pheelinks" of the young ladies may be better thought than told.

George Bancroft upon Kansas.—We suspect this, from the New York *Tribune*, records the opinion of the American Historian, and Mr. Polk's minister to England:

"A distinguishdd American Democrat particularly well-informed as to our colonial history, when invited to attend a Kansas meeting, though he did not accept the invitation, yet distinctly stated to those who invited him that the history of British aggression against her then colonies, now the United States, afforded nothing that could be compared for a moment with the atrocities perpetrated in Kansas under the sanction of the General Government, or at least without any opposition from it, upon the Free State settlers."

Negro Excitements at the South.—Some excitements have existed lately in parts of Arkansas and Tennessee in regard to negro insurrections. At Raleigh, Tennessee, a writing-master, named Hurd, has been arrested, charged with exciting the slaves to revolt, and the Memphis *News* of the 1st has the following paragraph:

"We know the fact that a lady, a few days ago, went into her kitchen and gave some directions to the negro cook, who impudently replied with a sneer: 'When Fremont's elected, you'll have to sling them pots yourself.'"

From all this it seems quite evident there was some ground for the unhealthy excitement existing, though it was probably exaggerated. That political excitement and the undue abuse indulged in by some politicians had evidently extended too far, and it is well that the cause is past and gone.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

More Freemen for Kansas.—In accordance with the announcement of the Wisconsin Kansas State Committee, a third company of emigrants to Kansas is in motion for Kansas Territory. A portion of the company, numbering some sixty or seventy, is already *en route* with their teams through the western part of the State. Another portion, numbering thirty or forty, is expected here to-day to take the cars for Chicago on Wednesday morning. Those who wish to settle in Kansas this Fall, have an opportunity to join this company under the auspices of the National Committee, on the same terms offered by the previous train. None will be sent, however, who are not supplied with means of support for the Winter. Persons wishing to send to friends in Kansas will find a trusty agent in Mr. Beach, the conductor of the company.—*Milwaukee American.*

Freedom in Georgia.—*Macon, Ga., Thursday, Oct. 30.*—I presume you have received my note before now, wishing you to send me your paper, but the political excitement is so great, and so much jealousy and prejudice prevail here against the Northern people, that they do not suffer a paper or document to be among them, that is not in accordance with their own views; not even speeches made in Congress setting forth different views from their own. My native place is within a short distance of your own, where the sentiment is very different. I have lived here most eleven years, and I can tell you of ways and doings and the spirit that exists, that are not generally known by those that never lived in the slave States. I wish you to withhold the papers, and not send them until further orders from me.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The Constitutional Test.—That provision of the Connecticut Constitution which makes the ability to read the Constitution one of the conditions and tests of admission to the right of voting, gives rise to some rather funny incidents. The New Haven *Journal and Courier* relates one in point:

"In one of the towns in New Haven County, an Irishman was given the statutes to read. He spelt out one or two simple words of one syllable, and coming to the word Elector, he named the letters, and then stopped. 'What is that?' asked the Chairman—no answer. 'Can't you name it?'—no reply. 'Is it an animal?' 'Yes!' 'What kind?' 'A dog!' 'No, something bigger than that!' 'Well, tell us what it is?'"

The would-be voter, after a few moments consideration, suddenly brightened up with intelligence as the idea struck him, and with an air of triumphant exultation, exclaimed it to be an Elephant.—*Boston Telegraph.*

Fremont Would Not Accept.—It has been alleged that Fremont was tendered the honour of a nomination by the Democracy. This has also been denied. Speaker Banks, at the last meeting at Freeport, Illinois, referring to this matter, said: "Why do they speak of Fremont as 'light metal?' Because he repelled their pro-slavery overtures. [A voice—'That's denied.'] It cannot be—the overture fell on these ears. [Loud cheers.] A prominent Southern man, in my presence, asked his opinions on the slavery question in reference to becoming a candidate for the Presidency. And he replied—'Presidency or no Presidency, living or dying, I am opposed to the spread of slavery.'" [Prolonged cheering.]—*Chicago Democrat, Nov. 1.*

Distressing Occurrence—A Whole Family Destroyed.—A private letter from Morgan County, Illinois, informs us that a most distressing casualty, or, rather, series of casualties, occurred about three miles from Jacksonville, a few days ago, to which a whole family fell victims. A small girl, daughter of a widow named Ironmonger, while feeding the pigs, having got into the pen where they were confined for the purpose, was attacked by a vicious sow, and torn so shockingly that she died. A large hole was eaten in her side by the savage beast, and she was otherwise mangled. The shock on the mother at the horrible spectacle killed her too. The next night a camphene lamp exploded accidentally, in the house, killing one child instantly, and so severely injuring another, that it is not expected to recover.—*St. Louis News.*

A Distinction.—Many years ago when new sects in New England began to break the good old Congregational barriers, and make incursions into the sheepfolds of the regular clergy, a reverend divine, whom I well knew—a man at once of infinite eccentricity, good sense and good humour—encountered one of these irregular practitioners at the house of one of his flock. They had a pretty hot discussion on their points of difference, and at length the interloper, finding more than his match at polemics, wound up by saying:

"Well, Doctor, you'll at least allow that it was commanded to preach the gospel to every critter."

"True," rejoined the doctor, "true enough. But then I never did hear it was commanded to every 'critter' to preach the gospel."

The Washington Equestrian Statue.—*Clarendon Hotel, November 18.*—Mr. Editor: There was something particularly happy and suggestive in the direction which Washington appears to be travelling in Brown's fine statue near Union park. You will observe, his face is directed towards the North and West, where, if he were now alive, he would be obliged to find a refuge, for no person entertaining the opinions he professed is any longer tolerated in Virginia. As I was looking at the majestic figure yesterday morning, I, for a moment, imagined that I saw the original himself before me, and that he was journeying Northward, a refugee from his native State in quest of a new home, where the great cause to which he devoted his life was still venerated, and where that Declaration of Independence, to which his immortal name is subscribed, was regarded as something more than a "string of sounding generalities." I did not awaken from my delusions till I noticed that he had no baggage. Yours, Apple Blossom.—*Evening Post.*

Striking Scene at a Gaming Table—The Spirits on Gaming.—As a company of our fast young men were busy over a card-table, a few evenings since, a singular noise attracted their attention. It was of so unusual a nature that they immediately began to look about for its cause. It was repeated in another direction. Something more than curiosity was now excited, and playing was suspended. Immediately one of the company dropped into what the Spiritualists call a trance, and proceeded to utter as if from his father, a homily against gambling and its associate vices. This was followed by an admonition purporting to come from a deceased sister of one of the company, couched in such terms and uttered with such sisterly feeling that the whole group were irresistibly moved to tears. There was no more card-playing that night. None of those persons were believers in spiritual manifestations, and the scene was wholly unexpected to all. Whether it was indeed spiritual, or is capable of some other resolution, is a question. It was told at a religious meeting, Sunday, and we have no doubt that it occurred substantially as we here repeat it.—*Springfield Republican, Nov. 10.*

Burying the Wrong Man—Mr. Patrick Burke Meeting his Own Funeral.—On Wednesday last, Mrs. Catharine Burke, residing in Eleventh avenue, near Forty-seventh street, learned that her husband, Patrick, had been killed at Tarrytown by a train of cars belonging to the Hudson River Railroad Company. She immediately started for that place, and on seeing the body of deceased, at once recognised it as that of her husband. A handsome mahogany coffin was immediately procured, and a regular old fashioned Irish wake followed, after which (on Thursday) the body was brought to this city. Five carriages were hired, and being filled with the mourning friends of the deceased, the funeral cortege started for Calvary Cemetery, but on their way were brought to a halt by the sudden appearance of the genuine Patrick Burke. The funeral procession was, of course, immediately stopped, and Patrick returned to his home in a carriage beside his wife. The corpse was started off for the Bellevue Dead-House, where Coroner Perry yesterday held an inquest upon it, and the above facts were elicited. The body will remain to-day at the Dead-House for a second recognition.—*Tribune, 22d inst.*

I remember an anecdote of a church raising, which I may as well relate here. In the Eastern part of the State I think at Lyme or Pautipug, a meeting-house was destroyed by lightning. After a year or two, the society mustered its energies, and raised the frame of another on the site of the old one. It stood about six months and was then blown over. In due time, another frame was prepared, and the neighbourhood gathered together to raise it. It was now proposed by Deacon Hart that they should commence the performance by a prayer and hymn, it having been suggested that perhaps the want of these pious preliminaries on former occasions had something to do with the calamitous results which attended them. When all was ready, therefore, a prayer was made, and the chorister of the place deaconed the first two lines of the hymn thus:

"If God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain."

This being sung, the chorister completed the verse thus, adapting the lines to the occasion:

"Unless the Lord doth shingle it,
It will blow down again!"

—*Peter Parley's Recollections.*

Monument to an Early Martyr for Free Speech.—We learn from J. A. Miller, Esq., architect in this city, that he has been employed by a Committee living in various parts of the State, to furnish plans of a monument to be erected in our city cemetery to the memory of Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, who fell a martyr to free speech in this city in November, 1837.

Two plans have been drawn, one is for a monument one hundred feet high, pyramidal in form, seven feet in diameter at the top, twelve feet in diameter at the base, standing on a platform forty feet in diameter, and four feet high. It is to be of Illinois stone, with marble slabs inserted at the base for inscriptions. Such a monument will cost, as estimated, $8,000.

Another plan has been prepared of a monument seventy-five feet high of pyramidal shape, built of blocks two feet thick, and from four to eight feet long, similar in other respects to the first named. The cost of such a monument is estimated at $6,600. The Committee is to meet at Washington, D. C., early next Winter, to decide upon a plan and other preliminaries.—*Alton (Ill.) Courier, November 19.*

In the town of Lower Salem, Ct., dwelt an aged minister by the name of Mead. He was all his life marked with eccentricity, and about these days of which I speak, his mind was rendered yet more erratic by a touch of paralysis. He was, however, still able to preach, and on a certain Sunday, having exchanged with my father, he was in the pulpit and engaged in making an opening prayer. He had already begun his invocation, when David P——, who was the Jehu of that generation, dashed by the front door, upon a horse—a clever animal of which he was but too proud—in a full, round trot. The echo of the clattering hoofs filled the church—which being of shingles and clapboards was sonorous as a drum—and arrested the attention as well of the minister as the congregation, even before the rider had reached it. The minister was fond of horses—almost to frailty—and from the first, his practiced ear perceived that the sounds came from a beast of bottom. When the animal shot by the door, he could not restrain his admiration, which was accordingly thrust into the very marrow of his prayer: "We pray thee, O Lord, in a particular and peculiar manner—that's a real smart critter—to forgive us our manifold trespasses, in a particular and peculiar manner," &c.—*Peter Parley's Recollections.*

Oldest Negro Yet.—We have at last got hold of a particularly old negro. There have been countless cases of tolerably advanced blacks, but the case below, which we copy from an exchange, is said to be perfectly authentic, and finishes the list. She ought to be shown around:

Some time ago I sent you an account of an old negro man, who died in Charleston at the advanced age of 118 years. Since then I have seen a statement of a negro woman, who died in Fauquier County, Va., aged 140. A friend, who was formerly an officer in the United States Army, relates that when he was stationed at Pas Christian, in Louisiana, he was in the habit, with his brother officers, of visiting an aged negress who sold buttermilk. On one occasion the following conversation took place:

"Old woman, how old are you?"

"I dunno, Massa."

"How long have you lived about here?"

"O, long time, long time, massa." She then went on to relate circumstances in connection with the history of the country, which proved that she must have arrived at a very advanced age.

"Well, can't you refer to any circumstance by which you may come at your age?"

"Well, massa, I'se had nineteen children, and that gal (pointing to an old woman) is the youngest; and I *know* she's *ninety.*"

The old woman was quite active when our informant saw her last, and attended to the sale of her buttermilk herself in preference to calling upon her "gal," whom she represented to be "too good for nothing."

The New England Blood.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* shows in the following paragraph, that the New England sentiment, when once instilled into a community, is like the Westminster catechism, never rooted out; once there, it is there forever. Speaking of the election, he remarks:

"By referring to the vote, it will be seen that the States which voted for Fremont are, in general terms, the New England ones and their colonies. Wherever the strictly Yankee blood formed the bulk of the population, the "no more slave States" doctrine has carried everything before it. Thus, in New England proper, even the staunchets Democratic States, even New Hampshire and Connecticut, where the State Rights party has been powerful so long, went for Fremont. So in New York the Western and other Counties, which were principally settled by the New Englanders, have overborne the Hudson river Counties and the city of New York. In our own State, Bradford, Tioga, and other Counties, the seats of the Connecticut reserve, and originally, therefore, colonized from Connecticut, the majorities for Fremont have been enormous. In Ohio and Illinois, the population of the Northern Counties, the bulk of which went from New England, carried these two States for Fremont against the anti-Fremont feeling of the Southern Counties, which were originally settled from the middle States. Going still farther Westward we find the same fact noticeable. In every Commonwealth where New England modes of thought prevail, Fremont has carried the day, as he has lost it in those free States where Pennsylvanians have been the colonists, and where subsequently, Pennsylvania modes of thinking are in the ascendant."

Funeral of the Last of the Daughters of John Jay.—Mrs. Maria Banyer, widow of Goldsborough Banyer, died on Friday last at her residence, No. 20 Bond street, after a very short illness, at the advanced aged of seventy-five years. She was the soul surviving daughter of John Jay, her sister, Miss Ann Jay, having died only about a week ago. It is supposed that her grief at the loss of her sister hastened her own death, as she was suffering under the infirmities of age.

Her funeral took place this morning at St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette-place, the Dev. Dr. Cook, pastor of the Church, officiating. A very large congregation was in attendance, including the relatives and friends of the deceased. Her brother, William Jay, was among the mourners. The services consisted simply of the reading of the beautiful and impressive burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, after which the relatives and friends of the deceased accompanied the remains to Rye, Westchester County, where they will rest beside those of her family.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Banyer resided with her father, in Westchester County, until his death, about twenty-six years ago; and since that time she has lived in this city. She has been, through life, a most exemplary Christian; and her charities, both private and public, have been dispensed with a liberality rarely equalled by a person of her means. For nearly fifty years of her life she has been afflicted with an acute nervous disease, from which she at times suffered intensely; but so patiently has she endured this dispensation, that scarcely a murmur was ever known to escape her. Few persons have been committed to the tomb with more genuine sorrow, as the large number of mourners at the church this morning testified.—*Evening Post.*

Pro-Slavery Spiritualists.—Spiritualists, so far as we have observed, are generally anti-slavery; but Lucy N. Colman, an anti-slavery lecturer now labouring in Michigan, appears to have found some of quite another sort. In a letter to the *Liberator* she says:

"I am sorry that I find in some places a new obstacle in our pathway, in the form of modern spiritualism. I have just attended a meeting of Spiritualists, in company with a good friend of our cause, Samuel Moore, which held its session for two days. Friend Moore announced me to the meeting as a Spiritualist, and as a lecturer upon the different reforms of the day, mentioning Anti-Slavery and Woman's Rights in particular, and asked if there would be freedom in that meeting for any one to speak, as he or she might feel impressed. Immediately the assent was given, and the meeting was pronounced *free*. Several persons gathered about me, one suggesting that I submit myself to spirit influence immediately. I told them that I made no preparation to that effect, but if they would give me their attention, I would like to speak in my normal state. I then stated that for anything I should say in that meeting, I should be responsible, and that unless perfect freedom was given, I could not address them. They said the meeting was free to preach God, Christ, Spiritualism. But, said I, my Christ may not be your Christ—my spiritualism may be of the kind that works for humanity rather than God. This definition caused some little sensation, and some of the leading Spiritualists were quite disturbed, hoping that no one would be so unwise as to speak upon any subject which should disturb the harmony of the meeting. Another thought it would be very wrong to touch upon politics in a religious meeting, quite out of place. What they wished to do was to build up Spiritualism, and the spirits would take care of all other things. 'Why,' said one, 'would you set the negroes all free, in their ignorance? The spirits say it would not do.' So, my friend, I found that Spiritualism, like Congregationalism, and Methodism, and Churchism of all kinds, could not speak for human freedom, so earnest is it to build up a sectarism. This meeting was in the town of Dundee, some 24 miles from Ypsilanti."

Disgraceful Indeed.—The following is a practical illustration of the degradation into which slavery plunges our citizens. And yet they have done more to assist in this degradation than we could have believed. After covering the State all over with shame, by casting her electoral vote for the men who could vilify and slander her greatest Statesman, after having assisted in elevating to the Presidency of the United States a man who is pledged to carry the institution which gives rise to such "disgraceful exhibitions" into and all over the Territories of the United States, will they not have some slight compunctions of conscience when they read the following? The *Louisville Times* tells the story, and it will be seen that the actions of the nigger-drivers' police have almost sickened it. The *Times* (8th inst.) says:

"A citizen of Jefferson County recaptured in Indiana, yesterday, two slaves that had escaped from him. In that we were gratified. But the events which took place after they were brought to the city were of a disgraceful character. The negroes, handcuffed, were stopped in two buggies on one of the most public thoroughfares in the city, and in front of one of the most popular drinking saloons in the city, for two or three hours, while the parties who had charge of them were regaling themselves on the inside. Such an exhibition was wholly uncalled for, and while we are ardent defenders of the institution of slavery, it must be confessed that such scenes are very likely to prejudice honourable gentlemen against it. During this interval, some man (we know not who he was) stopped to talk with the slaves. Some persons came out of the *coffee-house*, and without provocation, we understand, made an assault upon him. He ran across the street and took refuge in the office of Mr. Robert Story. Mr. Story attempted to protect him, but was himself overpowered and very roughly handled. At this time police officers came up and arrested the *assaulted* man, and carried him off to jail. The excuse they gave for this outrage upon justice is, that it was necessary to protect him from further violence. We state these facts as they were given to us by responsible persons, and witnessed by ourselves. Would it not be well for the people of Louisville to inquire whether it is necessary for unoffending citizens to be put in jail to protect them from violence? If it be true, it is advisable that our city government be reorganized."

Wherever slavery exists these outrages upon justice will be common, and the *Times* must not deprecate the result while it defends the cause. It must learn that while the institution exists, it will always have to depend upon brute force to be maintained, and such exhibitions of handcuffed negroes will take place. If the *Times* will examine the matter it will find the fault is not in the city, but in the State, Government, and we would suggest the propriety of having the latter reorganized. We can remember when Brady was so disgracefully mobbed at Lexington, the *Times* thought he deserved the treatment he got; will it please to tell us which is the least bad, driving a white man ignominiously from the State or exhibiting a couple of handcuffed negroes, for two or three hours, in one of the most public thoroughfares of the city of Louisville? Yet the one was richly merited, the other disgraceful! The school in which the *Times* was taught consistency, if we mistake not, has been largely patronized at the South; while the kind of philosophy which teaches it to regret what its own counsel has given rise to will, certainly, not be supported long by the people. Let us reorganize the State Government and rid ourselves of the institution which thus disgraces us.—*Newport (Ky.) News.*

Special Notices.

☞ Tour to the West.—Wm. Wells Brown intends making a tour to the West, in January next, to fulfill engagements to lecture and read his New Anti-Slavery Drama before Lyceums. If any of our friends on the route between Albany and Detroit wish to hear Mr. Brown, letters will find him at 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

☞ Aid for Fugitives.—Mr. William Brown, alias Prof. Brown, is no longer an agent for the Syracuse Fugitive Aid Society, nor for the New York Central College at McGrawville.

We need funds to enable us to give aid and comfort to the many fugitives from American despotism who are passing continually through Syracuse. Any money or clothing sent to us, for that purpose, will be duly acknowledged by our Treasurer, or, in his absence, by the President or Secretary.

Samuel J. May, President.

James Fuller, Secretary.
William E. Abbott, Treasurer.
Ira H. Cobb, Lyman Kingsley, Jarmin W. Loguen, } Assistant Committee.

☞ Circular.—Syracuse, Oct. 28, 1856.—*Dear Sir:* It is known to many of the philanthropic, it should be known to all, that there is a continual emigration of self-emancipated men, women and children, from our Southern States, into the realms of the British Queen. All friends of humanity must rejoice at this, because in this way hundreds are yearly released from bondage; and moreover the security and therefore the value of property in slaves is diminished.

Syracuse, by its location, and its reputation, has become a central depot of the Underground Railroad. For several months past, fugitives have stopped here for succour in numbers that would average nearly one a day. They often come poorly clad, almost starved, sometimes enfeebled by disease, and generally destitute of means. To meet their wants, and furnish them with the means necessary to enable them to reach the land of Liberty, requires more money than we can command, without appealing to the benevolent beyond the limits of Syracuse, and of the circle of those with whom we are personally acquainted.

We therefore appeal to the ministers of the Gospel—the ministers of Him who "came to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised." Will you, sir, as one of them, do us the favour, at your earliest convenience, to present the case of the fugitive to the Church of which you are the Pastor, and ask a contribution or subscriptions for their aid.

Remittances of money, made to Mr. William E. Abbott, Treasurer of the Fugitive Aid Society, Franklin Buildings, Syracuse, will be promptly acknowledged by him; or, in his absence, by the President or Secretary of said Society.

Samuel J. May, President.

James Fuller, Secretary.
William E. Abbott, Treasurer.
Ira H. Cobb, Lyman Kingsley, Jarmin W. Loguen, } Assistant Committee.

☞ Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair.—The Twenty-first Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania will be held in the City of Philadelphia, on the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th of December, 1856.

At such a time as this, when the most startling national events are pleading the cause of Freedom, with eloquence beyond that of words, there is little need that we should accompany this announcement with arguments or expostulations, urging the claims of our Annual Fair. We doubt not that all those who have, heretofore, faithfully laboured in it will, this year, resume their labours, with increased zeal and diligence, and that many who have never espoused our cause before will now be impelled, by their burning indignation at the outrages which are filling our beloved country with anarchy and disgracing her before the civilized world, to come to the help of those who are striving to remove *the cause* of all this evil—American Slavery.

The signs of the times are full of promise, and demonstrate even to those who would not believe until they had seen, that twenty years of anti-slavery labour has not been in vain. The North is aroused. It is alarmed and indignant. But though so much has been accomplished, there has never been a moment since the commencement of our enterprise when it was more important that our standard should be borne aloft, and our conflict unremitted, than it is at the present hour. Our earliest battle-cry, "Immediate Emancipation," proclaims the only way of salvation for our country; and its constant utterance in the nation's ears is as needful now as ever. Our later watchword, "No Union with Slaveholders," which has gathered new strength and force from the recent tragedies enacted by the Slave Power, is most appropriate to this hour, and the duty which it proclaims should be urged with untiring fidelity upon the conscience of the North. The toils of conflict increase as the hour of victory approaches. They who have borne the heat and burden of a long day will surely not falter now; and they who, at this late hour, will rally under our standard we welcome to victory and a glorious jubilee.

We resume the work of preparation for our Twenty-first Fair, hopefully. The routine of this labour is now so well understood that we need say only that any contributions of money or merchantable commodities will be thankfully accepted by the Committee, and that donations may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee.

Sarah Pugh,
Sarah L. Child,
Lucretia Mott,
Rebecca S. Hart,
Huldah Justice,
Evelina Supplee,
Mary Shaw,
Emma Parker,
Martha Carman,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Mary T. Stickney,
Margaretta Forten,
Gulielma M. Jones,
Lydia White,
Margaret J. Burleigh,
Mary Grew,
Elizabeth J. Lewis,
Sarah A. McKim,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Clementina R. John,
Anna M. Hopper,
Maria M. Davis,
Mary M. Jennings,
Emily W. Taylor,
Rebecca Plumly,
Elizabeth Carman,
Mary A. Hall,
Mary Teese,
Susan W. Shaw,
Ann Parker,
Anna M. Child,
Elizabeth Clendennon,
Martha Kimber,
Abby Kimber,
Sarah Kenderdine,
Elizabeth M. Davis,
Martha A. Galvin,
Margaret Griscom,
Roxanna Thompson,
Anna Shoemaker,
Lydia Gillingham,
Caroline Wise,
Eliza L. S. Thomas,
Marian Jane Mitchel
Elizabeth Magee.

☞ The Twenty-Third National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will be held, as usual, in BOSTON, during Christmas and New Year's Week. *Time and place of opening to be decided hereafter.*

The Anti-Slavery cause has at length, after a quarter of a century of labours, taken possession, in one form or another, of almost every mind in our American community. To men of great sympathies, it has shown the sufferings of the slave; to men of a profound sense of right, it has shown his wrongs; to men whose hope is in another life, it has shown him deprived of Bibles, and Sabbaths, and sanctuary privileges; to men whose hope is in this life, it has shown him deprived of education and the means of self-improvement and success. To patriots, it has shown their country's shame and danger. To politicians, it has shown one of the most selfish and accursed interest devouring every true one. To Christians, it has shown their Redeemer crucified afresh in the persons of these the least of his brethren. To philanthropists, it has shown human nature degraded and ruined in the person of both master and slave, by the outrages of the one against the liberty of the other.

The function of the undersigned, whose privilege, during all these years, it has been to give themselves to the work, has been to arouse their countrymen to the necessity of taking an onward and upward step with the advancing century. We print books, sustain newspapers, and send out agents, to disseminate truth, and to follow it up with argument, appeal, entreaty, with statements of facts on every department of the subject—theological, financial, political, social—in order to bring about the abolition of slavery.

The coming occasion of the TWENTY-THIRD BAZAAR, is for the purpose of raising funds to that effect; and we confidently call upon every compassionate, just, patriotic, Christian and philanthropic heart in the land for aid. Nay, we call on every heart, without exception; for the power and beauty of this Cause is shown in its faculty of changing the public heart into its own excellent likeness. But especially, let all who pity fugitives help us; for our funds go directly to awaken that public sympathy which gives the slave a refuge on every threshold. Especially, let all who wish to see Abolitionists in Congress, help *us;* for our funds go directly to arouse the sensibilities of every patriot, politician, statesman, legislator, elector. By our precept and example of No Union with Slaveholders, we lead the van of a national movement towards the abolition of slavery, which every profound thinker clearly sees would stop without such leading; and we especially beseech all to help *us*, as it is the only means whereby worthier and swifter than we can take the lead, which only the necessity of the case has bound upon us.

Communications may be addressed to the Committee at 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., or to 138 Nassau street, New York.

Maria Weston Chapman,
Louisa Loring,
Anne Warren Weston,
Sarah Shaw Russell,
Helen E. Garrison,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Abby Francis,
Eliza H. Apthorp,
Elizabeth Gay,
Sarah Russell May,
Susan C. Cabot,
Sarah Blake Shaw,
Eliza F. Eddy,
Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Mary May,
Eliza Lee Follen,
Ann Greene Phillips,
Frances Mary Robbins,
Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Mary Willey,
Ann Shaw Greene,
Mary Gray Chapman,
Henrietta Sargent,
Caroline Weston,
Mary H. Jackson,
Lydia D. Parker,
Evelina A. S. Smith,
Augusta King.

☞ Anti-Slavery Conventions in the State of New York.—Charles L. Remond and Sarah P. Remond of Massachusetts, and Aaron M. Powell of New York, Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will attend Conventions to be held as follows:

Peru (Quaker neighbourhood), Clinton Co., Sunday, Nov. 30.
Plattsburgh, Clinton Co., Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 2 and 3.
Champlain, Clinton Co., Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5 and 6.
Malone, Franklin Co., Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8 and 9.
Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11 and 12.
Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence Co., Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 15 and 16.

The Conventions will commence, in each instance, at 2 o'clock, p. m., of the day first named, and continue by adjournment through that and the day following. All are invited to attend. Remember the "Sum of all Villanies" is still triumphantly doing its brutal and bloody work.

☞ Anti-Slavery Fair.—The Western Anti-Slavery Society will hold its Annual Fair in Salem, December 24th and 25th.

The object of the Fair is so well understood by the Abolitionists of this country that we deem it only necessary to publish the time of its gathering, to secure the hearty and vigorous co-operation of a large circle of anti-slavery friends.

The past success of our efforts in raising means, and the faithfulness with which that means has been applied to the enterprises of abolishing slavery in America, warrant us to expect a willing response to this appeal, corresponding to the startling emergency of the times.

We have not now to meet and abolish slavery on its original ground only, but in the new and beautiful Territory of Kansas—in Washington, in Ohio—and in all the Northern States where the servile minions of the South can give it a place. We are not, however, disheartened or disappointed, and shall apply ourselves with unwonted diligence, trusting as ever in the stern principles of justice and right.

We hope that no time will be lost in making the necessary arrangements to meet this demand; and among other means, we suggest the importance of forming sewing circles, as speedily as possible, in every neighbourhood where there is the Scripture number of "two or three" women in whose hearts the love of Freedom burns to labour, so that the great demand for needle and knitting work, in its rich and useful varieties, may be amply supplied.

The Committee will gratefully receive, in moneys, produce, furniture, and all merchantable goods, whatever can be forwarded from this time till the Fair, thus affording an appropriate and varied season for the offering of each.

Emily Robinson,
Josephine S. Griffing,
J. Elizabeth Jones,
Laura Barnaby,
Angelina S. Deming,
Elizabeth Lease,
Ann Ramsden,
Lucy Ann Fawcett,
Harriett Whinery,
Jane M. Trescott,
Sarah Bown,
Margaret Hise,
Ellen R. Pearson,
S. N. McMillen,
Mary E. Norris,
Hannah M. Strawn,
Sarah Sharp,
Deborah G. Bonsall,
Lydia S. Sharp,
Hannah H. Bentley,
Ann Pearson,
Elizabeth W. Gordon.

Advertisements.

Prospectus for 1857.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Established August 4th, 1821.

The publishers of this old and firmly established paper take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to their programme for the coming year. Surfeited with politics, the claims of literature will be more than ever appreciated by the reading world. We have therefore already made arrangements with the following brilliant list of writers:

William Howitt (of England), Alice Cary, T. S. Arthur, Mrs. Southworth, Augustine Duganne, Mrs. M. A. Denison, the author of "Zillah," &c.

We design commencing, in the first number in January next, the following original Novelet:

Tallengetta, or the Squatter's Home.

By William Howitt, author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c. &c.

This is a Story of Australian Life, Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic aspects under which nature and society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:

The Story of a Country Girl.

By Alice Cary. An original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

The Withered Heart.

An original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. Arthur.

Lighthouse Island.

An original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah, or the Child Medium," &c.

The Quaker's Protege.

An original Novelet, by Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

The Raid of Burgundy.

A Tale of the Swiss Cantons. An original Novelet, by Augustine Duganne, author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c.

We have also the promise of a Short and Condensed

Novelet, by Mrs. Southworth,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of Foreign Letters, Original Sketches, Choice Selections from all sources, Agricultural Articles, General News, Humorous Anecdotes, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, the Philadelphia Retail Markets, Bank Note List, Editorials, &c. &c., our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World.

Engravings.—In the way of Engravings, we generally present two weekly—one of an instructive and the other of a humorous character.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

Terms (Cash in advance)—Single copy $2 a year.

4 copies - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - $5 00 a year.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club) - - 10 00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club) - - 15 00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club) - - 20 00 "

Address, always post-paid, DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 66 South Third street, Philadelphia.

Sample Numbers sent gratis to any one, when requested.

To Editors.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it (the notices of new contributions and our terms), for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by sending a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice. 2t

THE NORTH and the SOUTH.—A Statistical View of the Condition of the FREE and SLAVE STATES. By Henry Chase and Charles W. Sanborn. Compiled from Official Documents. 12mo., bound in cloth. Price 50 cents.

If any one wishes to know what Slavery has done for the South, and Freedom for the North, let them read this masterly work. Let him study these figures Place a copy of these statistics in the hands of every voter, and our word for it, Republicanism will sweep the entire North in 1860 as clean as it has swept New England in 1856. Men of the South, we beg you to look calmly and dispassionately at this array of figures, and see what they portend.

The able editor of The Evening Transcript, Boston, speaks thus of this work:

"This little book contains a vast amount of information respecting the comparative condition of the Slaveholding and non-Slaveholding States—as to territory, population, industry, wealth, education, intelligence, religion, moral advancement and general progress. The work must have cost a great deal of laborious research, and it certainly presents arguments in favour of freedom on every page. It contains just the kind of information that should be more generally known in all sections of the country. We hope there will be a public demand for thousands of copies."

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,
4t No. 117 Washington street, Boston.

WILLIAM HOWITT, the celebrated English author, writes for The Saturday Evening Post. Tallengetta, or the Squatter's Home. See Prospectus in another place.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE.
TO ALL PERSONS
Interested in the cause of Freedom,
This Little Book
is
Respectfully and Affectionately Dedicated
by
THE AUTHOR.

Will be published, Saturday, Nov. 22, in one volume, 12mo., price One Dollar, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE.

2t J. S. REDFIELD, No. 34 Beekman street.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND, an original Novelet, by the author of "Zillah," &c., will be published in The Saturday Evening Post. See Prospectus in another place.

A. J. GROVER, COUNSELLOR AT LAW—LAND AND COLLECTING AGENCY.
EARLVILLE, Lasalle County, Illinois.
REFERS TO
Cornelius Bramhall, 186 Fulton street,
O. R. Potter & Co., 169 Broadway, cor. Courtland st., } New York.
Rushmore, Cone & Co., 12 and 14 Warren street,
Hunt & Lane, Congress street, } Boston.
Abner Curtis, Pearl street,

N. B. Particular attention paid to collecting for Eastern Merchants, looking up titles to Lands, paying Taxes, buying and selling Lands, &c. &c.

MRS. MARY A. DENISON writes for The Saturday Evening Post. The Quaker's Protege. See Prospectus in another place.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS.—The Horace Waters modern improved Pianos and Melodeons are to be found only at No. 333 Broadway. Pianos to rent, and rent allowed on purchase; for sale on monthly payments, second-hand Pianos from $30 to $140; Melodeons from $40 to $135. Pianos tuned and repaired, polished, boxed and moved. "The Horace Waters Pianos," says the New York *Evangelist*, "are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with some degree of confidence from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality." Oct. 4—3m.

AUGUSTINE DUGANNE writes for The Saturday Evening Post. The Raid of Burgundy, A Tale of the Swiss Cantons. See Prospectus in another place.

BRAMHALL, BONNELL & RICHMOND
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
No. 186 Fulton, opposite Church street, ... New York,
Cornelius Bramhall, | Joseph A. Bonnell,
Charles Richmond, Jr.
1y

T. S. ARTHUR writes for The Saturday Evening Post. The Withered Heart. See Prospectus in another place.

FAMILY EDUCATION IN PARIS.—A Protestant School for Boys has been opened at No. 6 Rue Balzac (Champs Elysees) Paris, by Professor Fezaudie, late of the Protestant College, Bordeaux.

References.
Rev. H. W. Bellows,
Rev. Henry M. Field,
Oliver Johnson,
Marcus Spring. } New York.
4t.

ALICE CARY writes for The Saturday Evening Post. The Story of a Country Girl. See Prospectus in another place.

TO LYCEUM COMMITTEES.—Invitations for Dr. J. S. Rock to lecture before Lyceums or Anti-Slavery Courses should be directed to him at No. 163 Cambridge street, Boston.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH writes for The Saturday Evening Post. See Prospectus in another place.

EAGLESWOOD SCHOOL, Perth Amboy, N. J. For particulars, address THEODORE D. WELD, Principal. tf

Miscellaneous Department.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

Special Correspondence of The London Times.

Boston, Oct. 19, 1856.

Those who gave the name of New England to this group of the northern Provinces of America were happier in their choice than most of the discoverers and settlers who have dispersed the names of the Old World over new regions with little meaning and much confusion of geography. New England might at first be only the expression of remembrance, but time has converted it into much more. The people worked in the spirit of the land they left; there has been less infusion of the foreign elements that may be traced in other parts of America, and gradually New England has grown into a very close reproduction of the old. Both in town and country an Englishman finds much quite familiar to him. Landing at Boston, he has to rub his eyes slightly and recall the waste of ocean he has traversed before he thoroughly "realizes" the fact that he is not at home; the difference is so slight, and to be remarked mostly in minor peculiarities. In New York, but for the language, he might be puzzled to say exactly where he was; over that cosmopolite capital two or three European cities seem to have been shaken, and then stirred up with it. There is something of its Dutch origin; the tree-planted streets, minus the canals, for instance, are importations from Holland, and among the best things the Dutchmen have left behind them. There is much that is German, still more that is French, in taste, dress and decoration, and there are localities at once new and dilapidated, regularly built but squalid and disorderly, settlements that are the ragged fringe of its purple, which repeat but too faithfully the features of the Liberties and St. Giles. The most distinctly British contribution to New York is, unhappily, the least favourable, a fact not forgotten in any account struck between the nations. But the capital of New England, Boston, has only one character; it is solidly and steadily English, settled down into an English mold, and hardened in it. It has refused admittance to foreign fashions, or admitted them only with a considerable modification of their original type. The thoroughly French *café* you are delighted to find is still an exotic, it only throws a few innovations into the confectioner's; the completely German *speisekeller*, it is a pleasure to remark, does not flourish, not getting much beyond oysters; nay, even the American bar-room, with its gay decorations and elaborate apparatus, is chastened, and, so to speak, sobered; much subdued in light and colour, it retires into back shops and premises so unobtrusive that often it is only known to the initiated. In this resistance to foreign institutions there may be much that is merely provincial, but something must also be ascribed to a kindred and commendable prejudice against things un-English, as there is an evident adherence to the national character in greater matters. The way of conducting business is quiet and orderly; in New York it is a race, everybody appears to be running over each other, and the bustle of its traffic looks at times like a scramble. The city is not finished, and its people have never done work; they are restless and feverish, always pulling down and building up, pressed for space and ready to move Acheron to obtain it, digging two stories below the street, and throwing up six floors toward Heaven in as many weeks, ruthlessly demolishing, but restoring with marvelous rapidity. Boston has done with all that; it has passed through the cycles of change and renovation, New York has yet to fulfill; having taken its permanent form, it has only to extend outwardly, without continually tearing its interior to pieces to remodel it. It has not the immense commerce of New York, but relatively, the arrangements it has established for conducting it appear more complete than those of the metropolis. A more perfect waterside quarter suffices to prevent the traffic from running over into and choking the thoroughfares; the streets belong to the public, while in New York the community is, to a most inconvenient extent, ignored, and the frontage sections of the public ways are appropriated by somebody as their private premises. Boston, as it now exists, promises to endure. The abundance of granite in the State has favoured a very solid, though rather rough style of building. Many of the warehouses have a massive rugged exterior; but they are what they appear to be, not brick imposed on the world as marble by architectural veneering. There can be no doubt of their substantiality; this is indeed the characteristic of the city, and the tourist disposed to find resemblances may note that too as an English quality. Another feature of Boston that may be even more confidently claimed as a trace of the old country is the arrangement or non-arrangement of the streets, which display the true Saxon contempt of plan and uniformity. They have grown up and extended according to the caprice of the builders and the necessary concessions to individual property, with a striking freedom and independence of each other, which has produced lanes, courts, alleys, nooks and no thoroughfares, the duplicates of which may be found in any old English city. In this respect Boston is Saxon, New York is Roman, and has been controlled ever since it began to spread, so that beyond its original boundaries it is all uniform, with straight lines and right angles, like the roads of a town section of the interior. Boston is a labyrinth in which you lose yourself, and say, "how English." The streets, too, are named, not numbered, an innovation Boston rejects or cannot adopt, not having that regular order which must preëxist to render the system of numbering possible. It is a most convenient plan where it can be adopted; the only advantage of the old method is that it compensates for its intricacy by recalling much of the history of a place, its celebrated names, and many of its traditions, to all which mere arithmetic is fatal.

The chief peculiarity of Boston is the singular blending of the land and water around it. There were great capabilities for making it a Rotterdam, or even a Venice, but the preference for land has decided against any striking similarity to them, and the waters have long begun to be driven back from the city and out of it by embankments and filling up of the estuaries, to gain space for more solid foundations. Still, whichever way you go, there are bridges, causeways, ferries, viaducts, and water on every hand. Four peninsulas project from the continent, in the recess of a spacious bay, and, converging, almost lay their heads together. Boston proper is the centre of a group of four towns, divided by three narrow channels, through which four rivers fall into the harbour. The three suburbs of Charlestown, South Boston and East Boston, thus divided from the great parent city, are struggling to be joined with it, and in every direction across the, fortunately, shallow waters of these lake-like estuaries and creeks, the threads and lines of communication are thrown out; 12 railway viaducts cross them from various points to the mainland, stretching away north, south and west; some of these lines intersect in mid-water. Seen from an elevation, like that of the obelisk on Bunker's Hill, the puffing engine and its train appear to be gliding over the surface on a line of road just wide enough to take the wheels and no more. There are besides causeways for horse carriages, horse railroads and steam ferries. But the day is not distant when some of the inner waters will be completely dammed out and filled up. Portions of them appear conscious of the coming change, and are preparing for it—being shallow, semi-aqueous, and green with sedges and rush. Such spaces, so near a large population, are too valuable to be long left to the ducks. The dotted lines of the surveyor are already upon them, and even on parts of the outer bay itself, over which also a bold curve of a railroad has swept. Much that is now water will in a few years be the sites of streets. All the city wharves and several large tracts of ground long built upon have been thus gained. Such a power of expansion is even more wanted at New York, which may also be considered as three cities, though Jersey, on the mainland, is in another State. But the arms of the sea that divide the metropolis from Jersey and from Brooklyn, on Long Island, cannot be bridged, and any closer junction than can be made by steam ferryboats is forbidden, which is a grievous disadvantage. The entrance to the bay or harbour of Boston is studded with islands and islets, some 50 in number, which are a good natural defence. They are said to be gradually wasting on the north and east, where they are exposed to the heavy surge of the Atlantic, which continually washes away the soil, reducing them at last to naked rocks. Whole grazing grounds of former days have thus disappeared. With her western prairies America can afford the loss. In the centre and heart of the city is the Common—too humbly named, for it is really a park—with walks and avenues of elms, ornamental water, and a fountain; all well kept and cared for. It has always been public property, and encroachment on it has been jealously resisted. It has also escaped the merciless levelling which sweeps the surface of most American cities so unsparingly. It is actually undulating, a piece of the native forest, a little trimmed, framed in with dwellings of the wealthier kind, which it no doubt helps to retain there. It is but 50 acres in extent, but, where it is, well worth 50,000 in Kansas. It contains, also, one of the original and historical monuments of the city, one of the true antiquities of America, which are rather to be found in nature than art. It is the "old elm"; its precise age is not known, but it was a large tree before the colony was settled. It has begun to show signs of decay, but by plugging the hollow of its trunk, and bracing its limbs up with iron supporters, total ruin has been averted. Some of these branches are as large as ordinary trees, and, as it is still green and flourishing, it spreads a goodly expanse of shade. A handsome iron railing secures it from wanton injury; and an inscription tells how nothing is known about it more than you can see—that it is very old. There was another elm in the precincts of the town, called "the Liberty Tree," on which obnoxious persons, tax-gatherers, British Ministers, and, notably, Lord Bute, were wont to be hanged in effigy. When the conflict grew hot at last the tree disappeared, cut down by one of the parties—not necessary here to say which. The boughs of the tree still extant on the Common are the home of a colony of squirrels, protected by the corporation and supported by voluntary contributions. They confide in public opinion and the absence of boys (who are all at school), and appear to have a tacit understanding with the dogs; children and nursery-maids they defy. There is a branch colony of these squirrels in an old burying-ground near the Common, now full of trees, and almost abandoned to them. The public feed them through the railings, and they perch on the gravestones, and shell their nuts with excessive vivacity and impudence. It is another very pretty bit of forest life brought into the city. The residences skirting the Common are of the superior order, less florid and palatial than those of the Fifth avenue of New York, but having a quiet air of wealth and its consequent respectability. Some of the fronts have a decoration rarely to be seen—a complete drapery of the Virginian creeper, which trails over and hangs down from the balcony of each floor, like thick curtains. They have now the deep purple tint of Autumn, and are very beautiful. The creeping plants of the country are cultivated as ornaments in the cities with great success.

The country round Boston, which was the first peopled by the early settlers, could not have attracted them by the richness of the soil—it is by no means a land of fatness, and far from inviting the plow is most unpropitious to it. It is well watered, abounding in small lakes and streams, and well wooded, but cruelly stony. The subsoil is granite, which crops out in large masses and strews the fields thickly as bowlders, as in the tracts bordering on the moors of Devon. The gatherings from the inclosures more than furnish the fences; the stones have to be dug and torn out before the soil becomes arable. The work is not finished yet, and the agriculture, to an eye fresh from the rich pastures and long-tilled corn-bearing districts of England, would look rough and unfinished. The whole region has been a stubborn conquest, and only a stubborn race could have made it. They did the work, too, having to fight the Indians at the same time. No wonder the men became something stern, hard, and "all grit," a phrase that must have been suggested by the soil. Yet the ruggedness of the region is softly clothed, veiled by a profusion of foliage; though rocky, it is not bare. All, to the distant line of hills that form the horizon, is verdue. It is the first word that occurs, though at the present season not correct. The landscape is now rich with the thousand tints of the Western autumn, at once blending and contrasting with each other—crimson by the side of pale yellow, deepening into gold, changing again into red, or passing suddenly to purple, as if there were a sunset beneath the leaves. Only the pines refuse to yield a single shade of their hue, and stand strong and dark amid their more tender brethren; rude natures that cannot sympathize with such soft, hectic languor. The beauty of the American autumnal woods is one of the few things that have not been over-described and done to death by poets and painters; but it defies the pencil, like the ocean or the rainbow; it awaits, perhaps, a Turner of the forest. The view from the Round Tower of the Auburn Cemetery is now, and will be till the first frosts and high winds thin the foliage, one of exceeding loveliness.

To turn to something having very different associations—Bunker's Hill, without some mention of which no notice of Boston and no election speech would be complete. On the Peninsula of Charlestown, and in the midst of that suburb, stands the monument of the action, a remarkable, but not beautiful object. It is a tall shaft or obelisk of granite, of the severe simplicity of the milestone type, as destitute of ornament, and even more barren of information; it has neither date, name, nor inscription. It is within the space inclosed by the celebrated redoubt, its four faces parallel to the lines of the intrenchment, all traces of which have been swept away. The hill itself has been reduced in height, and its sides scarped and terraced for the streets and houses that close it in. A bank of green turf is nearly all that remains of the hill, with a few stone steps leading to the level space around the monument. But the general rise of the ground from the waterside can still be perceived, and by suppressing mentally the houses and trim gardens which have crept up the lower slope, and restoring the swamps and limekilns which at the time of the battle occupied their site, the character of the ground can be pretty clearly recalled. The wharves at which the English troops landed for the attack are now the navy-yard, on which the crest of what is left of the height looks down. If Primrose Hill, somewhat flattened, were placed a little behind the building sheds of Deptford dockyard, it would look much as the present Bunker's Hill appears from the harbour. Across the river channel the trees of the small burying-ground, in old Boston, where the English had placed a battery, can just be perceived over the tops of the houses. The slight earthwork, thrown up in four hours, resisted the guns of this battery and of five ships of war for a whole day, an early instance of the value of the spade in war, which has recently been more extensively demonstrated. The history of the action is too well known to be repeated. Two attacks by the troops were repulsed by the Americans with terrible loss; the third, made where the first should have been, on the least complete side of the redoubt, succeeded, and the colonists retreated along the neck of the peninsula in the main land, leaving to the English commanders a victory that was nearly as disastrous as a defeat. The account of the action, sold on the spot, is more fairly written than most of such narratives are, and quotes several of the official despatches and letters of the period. These documents are a sarcasm on what is grandly called the "Muse of History," showing that by neither party could any clear knowledge of the incidents be ascertained. Who commanded on the American side is still disputed. The English accounts say it was "a farmer in a smock frock"—it was Col. Putnam; but whether he had the chief command or Gen. Prescott, or Gen. Warren, who was killed in the final rush of the troops into the work, is not decided. Who conceived the plan of seizing the hill in the night is not known, nor who authorized it. The "orders" of the American headquarters have been searched in vain for any information.

Notwithstanding the strictness of its founders there was always a tendency in the good people of Boston towards the vanities, which some explain by the fact that from the first the place was wealthy. Very early in its history godly Dr. Cotton had to preach against excesses of apparel, gold lace, girdles, wide sleeves and vails. The last enormity was happily suppressed. The pulpit was always a power in the place, and at one period so much cultivated that it became an abuse, and the General Court denounced the inordinate length of the sermons as hurtful to health and good morals, and attempted to shorten them; the people stoutly resisted the attempt, and the magistrates were compelled to abandon it, only stipulating that the discourses should close at an hour that would allow the people to get home before dark. All the early disputes of the settlement were religious. Once a terrible Antinomian controversy broke out, the people siding with the covenant of grace, while the General Court declared for the covenant of works, which, perhaps, included punctual payment of dues and taxes, and was therefore unpopular; some secular element may be found mingled with all these quarrels. Boston was then and long afterward a great religious centre, which drew illustrious pilgrims from the Old World, such as George Fox and Whitfield. The great names that are drawn from Europe now belong to a different class—popular authors, who lecture without official limit, actors, dancers and singers. Boston, where every species of theatrical entertainment was strictly prohibited, has four theatres, one of them more spacious and splendid in its fittings than most of those of Europe. It has also a music hall, which, it boasts, exceeds anything in New York. Few cities, indeed, have one of such magnificent proportions. But it is not devoted exclusively to music; something of the old taste for lectures is left, and, like Exeter Hall, it lends itself to theology and politics, or a mixture of both. The morning after a concert finds a preacher addressing a large congregation from beneath the statue of Beethoven. It is the Rev. Theodore Parker, one of the leaders or chief champions of the Abolitionists. They are not yet a distinct political party, but their influence is doing much to excite the present resistance to the further extension of slavery. Even that degree of resistance is denounced as treason by the South, and the language has no terms bitter enough to express its detestation of the party generally, and Theodore Parker particularly. It might be supposed he was a wild fanatic preaching fire and blood. In reality, he is a calm and measured preacher, clear and logical in his arguments, with nothing in the least exaggerated in manner or language. He may be more impassioned on the political platform, but as a preacher he is very temperate, and not of the fervid school of oratory at all. On the occasion I refer to, he indeed announced that as he was about to travel for a week or two through some of the States of the West, his place would be supplied by coadjutors already known to the congregation. One, whom he named, would have undertaken the task, "but he was at present in Kansas, and having directed his Christian energies into another channel, was known there as *General* Higginson." After this preface, it might have been thought he was about to take a full plunge into the Kansas difficulties; but it was not so, the name was not again mentioned, he delivered an admirable discourse on the text, "Sin is a calamity to a people." He sketched the different forms of government that have existed in the world, to show how all of them may be abused, even a Democracy, which when turned to the exclusive profit of the majority might become a "Satanic Democracy." In contrasting the indifference and carelessness of men as to the character and fitness of those who govern them, compared with their anxiety to secure the best possible mechanical aids in agriculture and manufactures, his illustrations were beautifully picturesque and appropriate. The rude cultivation of an Indian settlement was minutely described, and compared with that of a New England farm. Rachel weaving Joseph's coat of many colours was contrasted with the processes of a modern mill, with steam and water power, producing garments for whole nations. In the machinery of governments men blindly suffered society to retrograde to the worst methods, entailing barbarism and ignorance, while they eagerly sought what was the best for physical progress. There was an under-current of allusion throughout the discourse, but it was not obtrusive, and in the clear and happy touches by which he brought out a picture of scenes and objects as illustrations of his theme there was the ease that only springs from power. Theodore Parker has the rare faculty of riveting the attention of his hearers, without the slightest approach to rant or rhetorical ornament. If the old lecturers of Boston had anything of the same ability, it would in a great measure account for the people resenting any official curtailment of the length of the discourses; and it is not improbable that some infusion of politics into them was the true cause of the official alarm.

From The National Era.

A SONG,

INSCRIBED TO THE FREMONT CLUBS.

Beneath thy skies, November!
Thy skies of cloud and rain,
Around our blazing camp-fires
We close our ranks again.
Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

For God be praised! New England
Takes once more her ancient place;
Again the Pilgrim's banner
Leads the vanguard of the race.
Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Along the lordly Hudson,
A shout of triumph breaks;
The Empire State is speaking,
From the ocean to the lakes.
Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

The Northern hills are blazing,
The Northern skies are bright,
And the fair young West is turning
Her forehead to the light!
Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Push every outpost nearer,
Press hard the hostile towers!
Another Balaklava,
And the Malakoff is ours!
Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

But keep the same old banner,
For better none can be;
Pass on the same old watchword:
Fremont and Victory!
And sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

10th 11th mo., 1856. J. G. W.

THE VIRGINIA EDITOR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

The Virginia Editor is a young, unmarried, intemperate, pugnacious, gambling gentleman. Between drink and duelling-pistols he is generally escorted to a premature grave. If he so far withstands the ravages of brandy and gunpowder as to reach the period of gray hairs and cautiousness, he is deposed to make room for a youth who hates his life with an utter hatred, and who can't keep drunk more than a week at a time.

Deposed, he becomes a literary ostrich, and may be seen, with swollen red nose and diminished, calfless shanks, migrating from court-house to court-house, laying a newspaper egg, which he leaves to be hatched into life and permanence by the pecuniary warmth of the party to whom he sells out at a small advance. Or he undertakes an unfinishable series of the Lives of the Governors of Virginia, and beseeches subscribers thereto. Should he, by rare good luck and the miraculous interposition of Providence, have saved any money, he buys a property in the country, retires to it, debauches himself with miscellaneous literature, lounges much, does a great deal of nothing at all, becomes curious as to the variety and flavour of his cigars, and writes an occasional article about wheat. Should he get married, he sinks into an obscure and decent citizen, and looks upon his early career as a horrid dream.

Previous to his death, the Virginia Editor makes the most of the short time allotted to him on earth by living at a suicidal velocity. To test the strength of his constitution, by subjecting it to the influence of the most destructive habits and agencies, appears to be his sole pleasure and aim. He is determined not to live longer than he can possibly help. A quiet death at a ripe old age he regards as a disgrace.

His first waking moments in the morning are saturated with a number of powerful cocktails, to cure a headache, "brought over," as an accountant would say, from the previous midnight. Cocktailed past the point of nervousness and remorse, he dresses himself, and wends his way to a barber's shop to get shaved, if he shaves at all. Not unfrequently he has himself shaved in bed. Breakfast succeeds, and then, with a cigar in his mouth, he enters his *sanctum*, and goes to work; which work consists in hunting for insults in his exchanges, and in laying the foundation, by means of a scathing article, of a future duel. While employed upon his leading article, he suffers no interruption, except from the gentleman who brings a note from another gentleman, whom he (the Editor) grossly insulted at an oyster supper the night before. Having no earthly recollection of any such occurrence, the Editor feels no hesitation in saying (unless he happens to be unusually bilious, or has no "affair" upon his hands) in saying that he "fully and frankly withdraws any and every expression reflecting upon the character of the gentleman as a gentleman and a man of honour."

His editorial labours vary from five minutes to two hours and a half in duration. If he feels very badly he won't write at all, but goes armed with a stick to a neighbouring law-office, and threatens the occupant with a caning unless he has a spicy article in the compositor's hands by such an hour. The unhappy barrister complies, and spices the Editor into a scrape, for which the Editor is unaffectedly thankful, swearing he would die without excitement.

Before leaving his *sanctum* he answers a couple of letters which arrived by the last mail. He engages to meet "the gallant Democracy of ——— district," and to address them on "August court-day." He assures a "Constant Reader" that "the glorious cause is prospering, and skies brightening"; and suggests, as the best means of putting the issue of the canvass—"the most momentous canvass that ever occurred in the history of the Republic," beyond a doubt—that the "Constant Reader" shall send in ten new subscribers to the *Keepa Pitchinin*. He then huddles a shirt, a case of duelling-pistols, and a bottle of "Otard" into a small trunk, and goes to the telegraph office to notify a brother editor that he will be in Washington to-morrow night, waiting for him at the National Hotel. His mind being thus relieved of business, he has nothing to do but to wander off to his hotel to look at the register and see if anybody has come. Meets there with another Editor—a red-headed provincial, fresh from the mountains, and already heavily laden with "rifle whiskey"—with whom he proceeds without delay to drink juleps and talk politics until dinner-time.

After dinner he borrows twice as much money as will take him to Washington and back, reserving the surplus to bet that night at the faro-bank.

In his personal appearance the Virginia Editor vibrates between positive gentility and absolute shabbiness, and this irrespective of his condition as to "funds." At times he is smooth and clean of face, immaculate in shirt, perfect of boot and hat; at others he is great in beard and hat, resembling an uncleansed pressman, or a pirate who has cruised for years upon an ocean of ink. He rarely buys clothes until he is in immediate need of them; and, inasmuch as he lives all over the State, is quite as apt to have on somebody else's clothes as his own. He despises a fashionable, dandified man, as he does a man who drinks weak drinks. He vindicates his democracy even in his liquor; believes in good old brandy or whiskey, calls them "strict construction drinks," while malt liquors he stigmatises as "Compromise drinks," and will have nothing to do with them except to "taper off" with.

There is nothing in his form or features to distinguish him from other men. A physiognomist might perhaps detect in his face a bloody good-nature—an amiability easily kindled into anger—as if the fierce animal instincts of the man were but imperfectly subdued by the pressure of social refinements.

His negligence in dress is not greater than his carelessness with regard to another comfort which the majority of mankind deem essential to happiness. He *will* live upon the best of food, will drink the best liquor, and smoke the finest cigars, but is utterly indifferent as to how or where he sleeps, provided he has a bed-fellow; for he is greatly social, and cannot bear ever to be alone. No respectable young man living in the same city is secure against an invasion of the Editor at the most inopportune hours of the night. How many sweet dreams have been rudely broken by his assaults upon the front door, or his noisy escalade of the back-window, it would be impossible to tell.

He has a room of his own, originally furnished with some taste and care, but has a mortal antipathy to sleeping in it. Nor is this aversion to be wondered at. Through a puddle of newspapers, Congressional speeches, tobacco juice, cigar stumps, broken spit-boxes, and pipestems, he wades to a bed whose sheets bade adieu to the washerwoman at a period too remote to be recalled, and whose counterpane secretes its primitive tints under a sweet and greasy scum of spermacetti and spilled brandy toddies. A candle-stand is drawn conveniently near the pillow, and on it lie, disorderly, a candle burned to the socket, a fragmentary volume of Byron, a plug of tobacco, a cork (fellow to others on the floor), an inkstand without any ink in it, and a foolscap scrap of unfinished editorial. Upon the window-sill, near the foot of the bed, stands marshaled a platoon of various-sized bottles, from the grenadier Champagne to the squatty porter and the slab-sided tickler. In the little wardrobe are no clothes, except a skeleton waistcoat gibetted upon a broken hook, but a number of empty cigar-boxes, a bowie-knife and a revolver. The odour of this apartment is not inviting. The door is always open, night and day, and it is the common dormitory of all belated roysterers. Any one may sleep here who chooses.

Notwithstanding his habits, the Editor obtains a popularity wholly disproportioned, one would say, to his merits. That he should achieve notoriety is no matter for surprise, when every number of every paper issued in the State contains the name of Durringer Thundergust or William Jeems Rawhead, as principal, second or adjustant of some personal difficulty; but notoriety is one thing, and popularity another and very different thing.

Habits which would outlaw any other man, enable him to ride rough-shod over the inviolable law of custom. Conduct which would damn a man in business, endears him to men in whose creed "strict business habits" rank next to, if they do not take precedence of, godliness. Grave men—the slaves of routine and propriety—appear to take the same delight in witnessing his unbridled eccentricities that inspired the poet Job when contemplating the gambols of the wild ass. There is an airy bravado in his excesses which extract all their sting. As soon quarrel with the habits of a strange bird as with those of a being who is not a man but an Editor, and to whom no gauge of human morals is in any particular applicable.

His abhorrence of the vice of solitary drinking has a good deal to do with his popularity. Scarcely a respectable citizen can be found in the Commonwealth with whom he has not, at some time or other, hobnobbed in a friendly manner. Rather than drink alone he will drink with a negro, provided the negro is at all genteel and has a gentleman for his master. His Ethiopian popularity is immense and perfect. It could hardly be otherwise when, from the White Sulphur Springs to the city of Norfolk, he has repeatedly and extravagantly fed everything answering to the name of "waiter."

The Virginia Editor is not a pious, nor, strictly speaking, a gallant man. Women, children and preachers he classes under the common head of "non-combatants," and views them pretty much in the light in which he regards flies—as species of not very harmful, somewhat abundant insects, perhaps useful, but whose uses are not yet well understood. Still, he makes it a point of honour to place implicit faith in the truth of the Christian religion and the virtue of women; and while he regards the softer sex as, at best, beautiful toys, they are glass toys, and he treads respectfully and gingerly among the frail vessels. He clings with sectarian tenacity to the belief in future rewards and punishments; he is too brave and resentful a man to think otherwise. A disbelief in hell he denounces as the "poltroonery of infidelity," nor can any casuistry convince him that a man is not as responsible for his faith as he is for his actions.

He loves to talk, and his great theme, after politics, is himself. In himself he has the most unbounded confidence—a confidence which, in the most trying emergencies, scarcely ever deserts him. Through difficulties that would appal and crush ordinary men, he moves with the smiling *abandon* of a knight errant pricking on to meet a dragon or chimera dire. Only in moments of extreme nervous depression will he admit himself not competent to the discharge of the most arduous and varied duties of life, and especially of those duties for which he is evidently unfitted. He looks upon himself as preëminently a man of business—a practical man. Rothschild was not his equal in financiering ability; Napoleon nor Hampden could not have wearied him in work; Halifax was not his superiour in political sagacity. Name any man who has succeeded or failed in any undertaking, he will instantly unfold to you the secret of his success, all the oversights which lead to his downfall.

"But for cards and liquor," himself would have excelled any man of his acquaintance; as it is, see how well he gets along in the world. In truth, his mind is strictly of the "*nil admirari*" order; he worships no man; and his regard for himself is only a reluctant indulgence accorded not to what he is, but to what he ought to be, "but for cards and liquor."

For this remarkable self-confidence he is indebted partly to a nature eminently high-spirited, and partly to his position. Like the driver of a locomotive, he wields a power infinitely greater than his own. He handles the lever that unlooses the throttle-valve of the mightiest engine on earth, and it is but natural that he should confound derived with individual power. Disconnect him from his engine, let him conduct a business, other than his own, upon the same loose principles, he would soon discover his error. But then he would lose one of his most delightful traits.

The Virginia Editor is not a profoundly learned man; he is not even a smatterer, in the sense, at least, in which that equivocal compliment was paid to Milton. His specialty is politics; and his taste not less than his occupation conspire to prevent him acquiring any other knowledge. Of Latin he remembers a few terms, such as "*ex post facto*" and "*ex parte*," which he picked up while drifting, for a few weeks, through a law-office. Of Greek he retains nearly the whole alphabet, being only a little uncertain as to the relative shapes of Zeta and Xi, and confusing Phi with Psi. His stock of poetry consists of a few scraps of Hudibras, Byron, and Peter Pindar; he has, besides, a professional pride and tenderness for the quatrain commencing:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again!"

It would be impossible to restrain him from quoting this occasionally, and, if it were possible, it would be cruel.

His historical information does not extend quite to the times of the Achæan League and the Amphictyonic Council, but dates rather to the Resolutions of '98. With the workings of the American Government, from its inception down to the present time; with the character and, to an extent, with the writings of the great men who took prominent part in its formation; with the policy of the party leaders; with the politicians, great and small, of his own times, and with their tactics, he is intimately familiar. In fact, his attainments may be summed up in the word "politics," for while he does not underrate those who understand and take an interest in belles-lettres and the arts and sciences, he frankly confesses that he knows and cares nothing about them himself. So fitted is he for partisan journalism, and so wedded to it, that it is to be hoped the divine economy has set apart some waste Democratic star, some half-settled nebulous Kansas as a newspaper heaven for him and his fellows. Elsewhere no conceivable use could be found for them.

His style in writing varies from the plainest Anglo-Saxon to the most gorgeous high falutin. In general, however, he makes use of ordinary English, and cares little or nothing about nicety and finish. He is better at reparte than at argument, but prefers hard talk to the most polished wit. His humour is peculiar, and considerably wider than it is subtle.

It has been said by some that the Virginia Editor is chosen rather for the stoutness of his heart than for the brilliancy of his intellect, and, to be honest, there is some truth in the allegation. A newspaper, to be successful in the Old Dominion, must not be defective in what they call chivalry; and a long-established paper, having the *prestige* of high-toned valour, would hardly employ a ready-writing craven in preference to a brave gentleman less facile with the pen. But the requirements of the public in this regard, and the usages of the papers, have been thought exaggerated.

It is not true, for example, that the man-of-all-work, the "Cæsar" of the office, who is employed to sweep out the old papers and trash in the morning, receives an additional compensation for sweeping in the dead Editors lying about the door, who have been killed at various places during the night and brought there, as to a *Morgue*, for recognition and distribution. Neither is it true that a paper, in order to keep up its circulation, must have at least one Editor killed a day, and that papers having secured a good Editor, one whom they are unwilling to lose, are in the habit of imposing upon the public by buying up worthless wretches to assassinate in place of him. Equally unfounded is the report that papers impoverished and doing a small business are forced to practice the contemptible fraud of substituting wooden dummies, manikins, or lay-figures in place of *bona fide* corpses. These reports have reference, doubtless, to States farther south than Virginia.

A propensity for gaming is a part of the Editor's constitution—an hereditary taint, for which he is no more responsible than for the age of his grandfather, and which he could as easily get rid of as remove the shape of his legs. The affliction being eminently genteel, he not only bears up under it with manly fortitude, but cherishes it with much regard. He is not much of a hand at "short cards." His delight is to be seated over against a grim, imperturbable faro-dealer—to have bets of "red checks" all over the table—half-a-dozen "piddlers" of "white chips" to be leaning over his shoulder and admiring his nerve—a negro to be patiently awaiting the end of the deal to hand him a brandy-toddy on a silver waiter—for the game to be stoutly contested, and for himself to "come out right smartly winner." He has no great faith in "cases," but believes in betting on three cards at a time, and has a special hankering for "the pot."

After all, and in spite of his many faults, the Virginia Editor is a gentleman. He comes of a good stock, and, however wild he may be, never disgraces it by a low or mean action. His vices are not those of a grovelling spirit. If his temper is hot, it is not implacable; if his resentment is quick, it never seeks an under-handed revenge. If he prefers a clean bullet-hole to a fisticuffish bruising or mangling with a bludgeon, that is his own concern. If he is a sturdy partisan, he is above the venality and the trimming which disgraces the journalism of States nearer the pole than his own. If he drinks too much, it is because the liquor he uses is of the best quality. If he gambles, it is because he can't help it. If he lives something beyond his income, he is doing no more than all enlightened nations and the majority of great men have done and continue to do. His tastes are lavish. An imperial gallon cannot be contained in a quart pot. And what political fabric was ever reared or maintained in its integrity without the aid of an occasional loan? If he is not a very good citizen, it is because he wants to be a better Editor.

Finally, half an ounce of lead is "honourably and satisfactorily adjusted" in his heart or brain, and the Virginia Editor dies, to the great joy of himself and to the intense grief of his party, the faro-dealers, the bar-keepers, and of everybody who is entitled to an unexpected fifty cents simply because he is a negro and can run an errand. The no longer belligerent remains are attended to the tomb by an immense concourse of citizens of all parties, and the epitaph, stale but true, is that "the community could have better spared a better man."—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

EXPLORATIONS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

From The Providence Journal.

During the last two years extraordinary efforts have been made by Europeans to unravel the mystery connected with the interior of Africa, and more travellers have devoted themselves to its exploration than during any former period. English, French and Germans have alike volunteered in it, and though success has attended some of the expeditions, many valuable lives have been sacrificed. From all quarters, too, has this vast continent been entered. First, by following up the Nile, which carries the explorer nearest to the centre of the continent. This field has been occupied chiefly by Germans, whose indefatigable exertions have added much to our knowledge of African geography. Other travellers, crossing the Great Zahara from the Mediterranean, have reached the mysterious Niger and the great lake Tchad; and, penetrating beyond the latter, have made known the existence of vast kingdoms, with populous towns and a very considerable civilization, of which we had no previous knowledge. Farther south, efforts have been made both on the eastern and western shores, which, latterly, have been attended with success. Several travellers are now there, who, having commercial objects in view, added to an adventurous spirit, bid fair to penetrate far beyond where the white man ever before set foot.

The journey of Mr. Andersson, who spent four years in the wilds of south-western Africa, has made us acquainted, through his published narrative, with tribes before unknown, and added considerable to our knowledge of its geography. This gentleman was imbued with a love of adventure; he was, besides, passionately fond of natural history, and a man of science withal. But with scientific objects alone in view, he could accomplish little; he, therefore, very wisely, fitted himself out with wagons, horses, oxen and merchandize for a grand commercial expedition.

The explorations and discoveries of Mr. Andersson were east of Walfish Bay, in latitude 22 deg. 30 min. south, or about 1,000 miles north of the Cape. From this point he penetrated the country in a north-easterly direction about 700 miles; and subsequently, after returning to Cape Town and getting a new outfit, he took a more easterly course, and succeeded in reaching a great lake called Ngami, upwards of a thousand miles from the coast, in latitude 2g deg. 30 min. south, longitude 25 deg. east. The results of this journey are interesting to science as well as to commerce.

The tribes met with have nothing to mark them from other Africans. Some were thievish and brutal, leading nomadic lives, and depending for their existence upon such wild animals as they could occasionally entrap and kill; while others were found who cultivate the soil and raise large herds of cattle. The latter were stationary, living in communities, and in some cases held the weaker tribes in subjection.

The Ovambo was a large nation which possessed remarkable traits for Africans. So great was the terror of this people for theft, that it was punished with death. Magistrates were appointed whose duty it was to report all misdemeanours. There was no pauperism among them, and aged people were carefully tended and nursed. With an adjoining nation, the Damaras, when a man becomes old and infirm, he is carried into the desert and left to be devoured by wild beasts. Polygamy seems to be universal among the Africans; one chief visited by Mr. Andersson boasting of one hundred and six enchanting beauties in his harem. The Ovambo possess large herds of cattle, which they exchange with traders for European goods; but the greatest advance among them is a knowledge of metallurgy. Copper and iron ore is smelted by them, and with rude implements converted into farming tools and ornaments.

The greatest quantity of game was everywhere found, including the lion, elephant, rhinocerous, hippopotamus, zebra, gnu, hartebeest, koodoo, eland, quagga, giraffe, hyena, &c. Large numbers of these were killed by the travellers, and, except the carnivora, all were found to be good eating. At Lake Ngami our traveller discovered two new species of antelopes, called by the natives the *nekong* and *leche*. Both are a species of water-duck, and only found near bays and marshes, into which they invariably plunge when pursued. Their hoofs are six or seven inches long, which enable them to traverse the weedy bogs and quagmires with facility.

Lake Ngami is the largest body of water in south Africa; in fact, it is the only considerable lake within fifteen hundred miles of the Cape. It is about seventy miles in length, and from seven to nine miles in breadth. It is fed by a river called the Teoge, and discharges a portion of its waters through another, both of which are navigable for canoes. These rivers are believed to extend a long distance in the interior, but whether the latter is absorbed by the sands of the desert or reaches the sea is unknown. The English traders expect to derive much advantage from these inland waters. Vegetation, of course, is very luxuriant here, animal life abundant, and a much more numerous population exists than farther south. Namaqua, the land which adjoins it on the south, is almost as barren as the great desert of Zahara, and being nearly as destitute of water, is but thinly peopled. Meteoric iron is found here in inexhaustible quantities, and so malleable that the natives easily convert it into balls for their guns without any previous application of fire.

From the various statements of the natives, our travellers entertain the belief of the existence of a large river in the interior farther north, unknown to geographers, which empties into the sea, and is navigable for many hundred miles. Very little is known of the western coast of this part of Africa, its extreme barrenness offering no inducements for vessels to touch there. Should rivers be found here, even navigable for boats, a very considerable trade might be carried on with the natives of the interior, with whom there is now no means of communicating except by very long overland journies.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME DOLLAR.

The Emperor Sigismund granted to Jasper Schlick the rank of Count and the right to coin money in 1432, on account of the rich silver mines discovered on his estates of Michelsberg and Joachimsthal. Jasper died without issue, and his brother Matthew continued in possession of the same rights with his three sons, one of which, Jasper of Schläkenwerth, had four sons, Stephen, Jerome, Henry and Lawrence, who, on finding the richness of the silver mines to increase, began to coin, in 1517, larger pieces of money, called Joachimsthaler Güldengroschen (literally Gildergroth, issued from the valley of St. Joachim). In the course of time the people found the name too long, and at first the name of Güldengroschen was left out, then that of the saint; finally, the pieces of one ounce or nearly so were simply called THALER (from valley). Already, in 1551, the name thaler is to be found alone in the regulations on coinage of the Emperor Ferdinand I.

As the piece of the Count of Schlick struck in 1517 is the origin of the Almighty Dollar, it will not be out of place to describe it in full, and even to blazon it or explain its armorial bearings:

Obverse: LVDOVICVS PRIM*us Dei* GRACIA-REX: BO: *hemia*. The crowned Bohemian Lion from the left hand side.

Reverse: ARma DOMInorum SLIckiorum STE*phani* Z FRAtrum COmitum De BA*san**. St. Joachim in full stature, having his head covered and holding a travelling staff in his right hand; on the sides S. ———J. (Sanetus Joachimus). At the feet of the Saint the family coat of arms of the Count of Schlick. A four-quartered shield in the first and fourth quarters, a golden lion holding a silver church in a blue field for the County of Weisenkirchen. In the second and third quarters, in a red field, a silver triangle (pointed upwards), with a red ring in it, and two silver ones in the field, for the County of Bassan. In the middle shield a red tower with battlements and open gate, supported on each side by a Griffin, for the County of Schlick. The coin is nearly of the size and weight of a French five franc piece.

In the same year the Reformation began by M. Luther, and on that occasion the following anagram was made upon the inscription of the above dollar:

Io eCCe VaLLes f Larent CVM e Vange Lio (1517).

If in that remote time the richness of a few silver mines could produce such a change as to introduce generally larger pieces of coin for circulation instead of the smaller ones in use till then, what was not to be expected from the inexhaustible richness of the mines of California, and were not larger pieces of gold coin generally to be expected, in place of those small gold dollars, which, through their miniature size and their neatness, are better fitted to be kept as objects of curiosity than to circulate as mediums for general use?

When I published an article on the change of the silver dollar to the gold one, I spoke of the size of a silver dollar, that the gold pieces should have taken, so that we should have had pieces of thirty dollars, instead of those small abortive gold pieces. Never was there a coin better adapted to be counterfeited; they are so small that hardly any of the four tests by which counterfeit coins may be detected can be applied to them. *Sight*, *smell*, *hearing* and *feeling* are familiar tests of the genuineness of money. They are so small that it takes an expert eye to distinguish the false from the genuine one. The second test, *smell*, is generally applied only to silver. Thirdly, *hearing*. They are so small that they give hardly any sound from them by *ring*. The last test, *feeling*, will likewise give very little satisfaction, for they are so small that their weight can hardly be ascertained. The public nearly all must take them blindfolded, as it is very difficult to distinguish the genuine ones from the counterfeit ones. The smallest gold coin should have been that of two dollars and a half, because the fraction of fifty cents makes it very convenient; and if only *that* coin had been kept as the smallest we should have had more silver now in the country, and we should not be placed in the necessity to take in payment for twelve and a half cents old defaced pieces of silver worth only seven or eight cents.—*Prof. D. E. Groux.*

An editor out West has married a girl named Church. He says "he enjoyed more happiness since he joined the church than he ever knew in all his life before."

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